

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XX.

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## THE POOR-SCHOOL QUESTION.

“PRAY, sir, can you play the fiddle?” said a man one day to his friend. “I’m sure I don’t know,” answered the other; “I never tried.” We are reminded of the exquisite ignorance displayed by the ingenuous personage who made the above notable reply, by the last-issued number of that valuable publication, *The Catholic School*.

From certain facts therein stated and urged on our attention, it is quite clear that the delusion of our friend the possible fiddle-player is not without its parallel on a subject of greater importance than skill upon the violin. The Catholic public—and, we suspect, the Protestant public also—will gather with considerable surprise, from the contents of the periodical before us, the fact that hitherto we Catholics have possessed no establishment whatever for the making of ordinary schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. Knowing that nuns of some sort or other exist in rather largish numbers, devoted to the education of the poor; and having heard a good deal of talk, and perhaps seen something, of the working of the Christian Brothers,—the Catholic body in general has slumbered on in the blissful conviction that a man who would give fifty or sixty pounds a-year could “get a schoolmaster,” by ordering one in the proper market, as easily as he could get a coat from his tailor’s, or a quire of paper from a stationer’s. Schoolmasters and mistresses have been supposed to be a sort of natural production, or providential institution, provided in unlimited numbers for the behoof of all who may be at any time disposed to engage their services.

And when it has not been imagined that pedagogues, male and female, are a distinct variety of the human race, nevertheless a delusion very nearly as unfortunate, though not equally irrational, has prevailed to an extraordinary extent amongst us. People imagine, like the hypothetical violinist, that in order

to ascertain whether one is a perfect schoolmaster or schoolmistress, one has but to try. Even worse still, they fancy that *every body* can teach and govern a school, who is only willing. If the popular notion went no further than the supposition that the capacity for educating is a natural gift, possessed in full maturity by certain individuals, and that all they have to do is to take up the fiddle and essay a sonata, or an air with variations, in order to know whether or not they are thus endowed, the theory would practically be less hurtful. As it is, it seems to be an almost universally-received opinion, that nearly every body *is* capable of teaching children, by the mere force of natural capacity. Give a man strong health, a tolerable temper, a loud voice, and a decent knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and you have the complete schoolmaster, according to popular opinion. Put him in a school-room with a crowd of boys, and he will speedily set them all to rights, correct his own early blunders by a little experience, and eventually turn out a succession of very fair scholars and very good Catholics.

Now we venture to say, even in this age of blundering and spoiling good things by employing the wrong men to do the work wanted, there are few more unquestionable absurdities perpetrated than this, which imagines that teaching, like eating, comes by nature. Because one child is smaller and younger than one man, and knows much less than he does, and can be put in the corner, or be caned, when he is rebellious, we jump to the conclusion that twenty, fifty, one hundred, or two hundred children are in such a relative position of inferiority to the genius of their adult master, that he can discipline and teach them all up to the full standard of his own acquirements. We might add, that the said master is supposed to be capable of teaching them a great deal more than he knows himself, and of forming their minds on a model very much higher than that which he himself presents for their imitation. But let that pass. We are content with the lower degree of unfounded assumption. Even this is totally unwarranted by the facts of experience. We may rest assured that, as a general rule, men and women can no more teach boys and girls, without being themselves taught how to teach, than a maid of all-work in a dingy lodging-house can prepare a dinner up to the aldermanic or ducal standard of delicacy. Teaching is one of the most difficult things in the world. Of course, we mean teaching well, or teaching tolerably well; and with teaching we include government and discipline. For such teaching, setting aside a few rare instances of natural genius for the work, a complete and definite course



of training is as necessary, as it is to enable a man to command a man-of-war.

Those who know nothing about schools or children sometimes doubt this. Their notions of a child, especially a Catholic child, are something between those of an angel and a doll. They cannot reconcile the ideas of a young Christian and a little pickle. The smiling face, bright eyes, and ringing laugh of a group of children at play seem to them quite irreconcilable with the harsh unpleasantnesses and unwearying toils which in reality attach to all schools. Their ideal of a school is made up of modest curtseys, clean pinafores, pretty voices, and handsome rewards. They imagine the teacher always enlightened, always parental, or at times administering sadly a bland reproof; and they are confident that the young minds thus benignantly cultured respond with sweet readiness to their teacher's wishes, and never fail to realise all his fondest hopes.

What a delusion! If these amiable speculators would but frequent the nurseries or schoolrooms of some half-dozen of their own private friends, they would get a faint glimmering of the *work* that it is to train the young mind as it requires. The dear little creatures that appear in the drawing-room dressed in the newest fashions, or present themselves after dinner with cake-expectant smiles upon their happy faces, would oftentimes furnish a most unpoetical contrast when seen in the apartments dedicated to sleep, to dressing, or to books. And, moreover, many and many a time would the observer mourn over the parents much more than over the children, and wonder that people so good and so clever could make such extraordinary mistakes in bringing up their own children. Except in those occasional instances where children seem scarcely to have any faults, or are endowed with an unusual quickness of apprehension and warmth of affectionate sympathy, they would find that a peculiar art and skill are necessary for the training of children, even under the most favourable circumstances.

In the case of the children of the poor, all the difficulties of education are aggravated tenfold. If we would understand the qualifications needed in a poor-school teacher, we must follow his pupils to their own homes. We must learn what the daily life of the poor is, and estimate the immense effect of those counteracting influences in the cottage, the lodging-house, the street, the public-house, and the gin-shop, which are ever tending to thwart the efforts of the master and the mistress in the school-room. We who are in another rank of life have our children always under our control. There is

scarcely an hour in the day in which we cannot regulate their work, their play, and their companions. We have servants to attend upon them, and can arrange all their little affairs so as to fall in harmoniously with our general plans for their education. Or if we do not bring them up at home, we can send them to schools and convents, where every instant of the day is laid out with a special view to the furthering their progress and the guidance of their minds.

But when we take in hand the poor man's children, we are undertaking to control those who are only in our hands for a portion of each day, and who, as a matter of fact, are frequently subjected during the rest of it to influences of the most questionable and even the most pernicious tendency. No doubt there are some households of working men in which the parents are not only willing but able to keep their children under the same habitual control in which every sensible parent of the better classes wishes to keep his own family. There are cottages, and there are rooms in lodging-houses, where the boys and girls see nothing but what edifies them in their parents; where the father does not swear and beat the mother, and the mother does not drink, and they themselves are disciplined by gentle and reasonable means, and not by passionate words and angry blows; where they are kept from intercourse with bad companions, and do not hear indecency and profanity uttered every day in their lives; where they can find some little entertainment in their poor home, and where the parents enter cordially into the views of the clergy, the schoolmaster or the schoolmistress, and send them punctually and regularly to school. But let us ask those who know the poor, in how many instances these advantages are in fact found combined? Not one half, not one quarter, of the boys and girls whom we gather into our schools have the happiness of living in such homes as these. And often, very often, sometimes in a large majority of cases, the whole time not spent in school is occupied in ways directly subversive of every good influence brought to bear upon the young mind in school-hours. Two systems, two modes of life, are in mortal combat for the possession of the child's body and soul; and out of the whole four-and-twenty, the good system has command of him for some five or six hours alone.

Who can be surprised, then, at the difficulty of organising a new school, and of the utter impossibility of bringing a school into a satisfactory condition, when the master or mistress is not thoroughly up to the mark required? Happy would it be for us, if it were a difficult matter to test the truth of what we are saying. Happy would it be if our Catholic schools



were generally in such a condition that the severely disposed critic had to wander far and wide before he could light upon any thing sufficiently bad to satisfy his worst anticipations. As it is, the number of schools in an unsatisfactory state is so large, that any one may soon learn by observation how hard it is to be a good schoolmaster or schoolmistress. Of course a school is not to be judged by its appearance to a casual visitor, who enters for a few minutes, and who sees nothing of what goes on at ordinary times. Nor is it to be judged by what it appears at show-times, when even the worst schools can be doctored up to an apparent state of health, so as to deceive the unwary. Let our schools be inspected for a whole week together, as they go on in their ordinary routine; and a pretty result would there be, in so many cases, that we shall not venture even to guess at their proportion to those which are really what they ought to be. Want of system, want of regularity, want of punctuality, want of liveliness, want of proper books, want of recreating occupations, want of temper, or of zeal, or of brains, in the master or mistress, and above all a want of sufficient religious instruction, would be discovered, to an extent of which most Catholics of the richer classes have not the faintest idea.

The fault no doubt lies in most respects with the teachers; but it only lies with them in a secondary degree. The fault lies in the first place with us who have neglected first of all *to teach them*. We have committed the flagrant absurdity of supposing that the only essential elements in a school are a building, and a salary for the master. The master himself, *in himself*, has most unaccountably been forgotten! We have been supposing that the Poor-School Committee (since it has existed, and before that, somebody or other unknown) has kept a *dépôt* of masters and mistresses in the neighbourhood of the Adelphi; and that all we had to do was to write to the secretary to send us one of them, at such and such a price, by the next day's train, and down would come an admirable personage, respectably dressed, speaking good English, knowing a little Latin, modest in deportment, pious in character, amiable in disposition, fond of children, well up in all the modern aids to learning, writing a beautiful hand, punctual as a clock, possessing a good tenor voice, patient as a saint, and practical as a railway-contractor. Alack-a-day, we might as well go to the Horse-Guards and order a brace of Napoleons and Wellingtons, or to the Court of Chancery and beg to have our lawsuit settled in the course of the same morning! The truth is, that Catholic schoolmasters and mistresses as yet do not, as a class, exist among us at all. There are a few good ones



here and there, who somehow or other, by a happy chance, or their own force of character, have come to be what they are; and there are the religious, both men and women, whose special vocation it is to teach, but who comparatively are very few also. But as to a class of competent teachers, brought up to the profession, as doctors and lawyers are brought up to theirs, it simply has no existence.

The Poor-School Committee are at length putting their shoulders to the wheel to remedy this disgraceful state of affairs. They have for some time had in operation a training-school for teachers belonging to a distinct religious community. But even supposing this novitiate was amply supplied with novices, which for some time was not the case, it is obvious that a very large number of our schools must be always conducted by lay teachers. Religious cannot, as a rule, undertake schools where only one master, or one mistress, is wanted; and until we are ten times as rich and ten times as generous as we ever shall be, very many of our parishes and missions must be content with one master and one mistress, and often with one mistress alone. We need not enter into any of the other causes which make it practically impossible to place all our schools in the hands of religious, because this one is amply sufficient as a reply to those who argue that because religious are the *best* masters and mistresses, *therefore* we need not trouble ourselves to raise up a race of *good* teachers who are not religious.

The plan which the Committee, with the approbation of the Bishops, has decided upon, is to add a lay branch for male teachers to the Religious Training-school now in operation at Brook Green, near London;—a plan obviously desirable, as there is already a superior, and a good system at work, on which the new branch can be engrafted. For female teachers the Sisters of Notre Dame have already offered to supply the necessary buildings at Liverpool. For the new buildings required for male teachers a sum of not less than 7000*l.* is absolutely necessary. Of this, 2500*l.* may be expected by way of grant from the Privy Council, and about 1400*l.* has already been subscribed, chiefly by the same gentlemen who subscribed to the original building at Brook Green, and who bear a *very small* proportion to the actual numbers of our wealthy Catholics. There remains, therefore, something above 3000*l.* to be contributed by the Catholic body. Surely it is impossible to imagine that the Committee will have long to wait before this moderate sum is placed in their hands. We certainly are not very wise in our generation; we have not yet quite got through the fever stage in the brick-and-mortar complaint; but we

really do know enough of the incalculable importance of the school question, to induce us to put our hands in our pockets and hand over the necessary amount to the Committee.

Let us add a few words by way of quickening the dormant zeal of those who have the means of giving. Here is a startling fact. Our readers know that a large sum is paid annually out of the taxes towards the education of the poor. We Catholics have an equal claim with the various Protestant sects to this fund. Of course there is the usual condition annexed, that those who receive grants from this fund shall furnish proportionate sums subscribed by private generosity; and that when grants are made for the support of persons educating as teachers, these persons shall be placed in the proper training-schools so soon as they are old enough and advanced enough to finish the preparatory teaching they receive while still children in the various poor-schools throughout the country. Now observe the results of our having had no Catholic training-schools in operation, while Protestants have for years and years been at full work with their own. In the year 1854, there were in Great Britain no fewer than two thousand and sixty-one persons receiving the proper training to become teachers in the various training-schools, of whom exactly *ten* were Catholics! And out of a grant of 35,000*l.*, we Catholics received exactly 193*l.*! Certainly this is a contempt for worldly wealth with a vengeance. At the same time, we do not suppose that it will receive the reward which the Gospel promises to those who renounce worldly possessions for the sake of Jesus Christ and His poor. The Gospel teaches us to give up *our own goods* for the sake of the poor. Our plan is to give up the goods *which belong to the poor*, and to hand them over to every unbeliever and enemy of our faith who chooses to ask for them. Truly we are an apostolic generation!

In the mean time, here is Mr. Stokes informing us, in his capital Report, that in 185 schools he found but *four* teachers who had received any advantages from a British training-school of any kind; and that not one "pupil-teacher" from the schools inspected by him had gained a "Queen's scholarship," the whole number of non-Catholic "Queen's scholars" under training in 1854 being as many as *nine hundred and twenty-three*. Truly we *are* a simple generation; but, as we said before, we fear our simplicity is not the simplicity of the Gospel.

Thus far for the money part of the argument. But now a still more serious matter calls for notice. Of the many evils that result from the employment of untrained masters and mistresses, the most unfortunate is their usual inability to give



sound religious instruction, and to impart that general moral training without which secular teaching is worthless. We have no hesitation in saying, that the Catholic body have no idea of the deficiencies of our schools in these respects. It may be laid down as a rule, allowing of course for exceptions, that untrained teachers are totally unfit to give that systematic religious instruction to children which we are bound to see that every Catholic child receives. No doubt they can make their pupils learn the Catechism by rote; but it is a fact, that most of them can do nothing more, and that when they try it, they do more harm than good. Surely we are called upon to look this truth in the face. It is absurd to turn our eyes away from facts because they are extremely disagreeable to look at. And the fact is, that our clergy have not the leisure, and our teachers have not the capacity, for conveying that daily, personal, and minute instruction on the details of Christian faith and morals, on the customs of the Church and in the Scripture history, without which we of another rank should consider that our children had received no religious education worthy of the name. Just look at the systematic religious instruction conveyed in a large number of the Catholic schools of France, Belgium, Italy, and other countries abroad. Take up one of the innumerable diocesan Catechisms, and see the idea they go upon as to the dogmatic and moral training of the children of the poor; and then look at what we do in our schools. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that catechising by the clergy on Sunday afternoons makes up for this deficiency; the supposition is based on a confusion of ideas. Church catechising is, in practice, little more than an examination in the knowledge already acquired; the most skilful catechiser—and it is a very difficult thing to catechise well—cannot by any possibility make all the little minds before him acquainted with the truth of religion. The work *must* be done in private; with slowness, steadiness, patience, and a continually varied adaptation of the manner of instruction to the personal character and amount of knowledge of each individual child. Catechising in the church is an excellent stimulus to the teaching of religion in the school; but it is no substitute for it, in any sense of the word.

We need say no more on the subject. The facts are such, that any man who cares for the poor must be aware that not a day is to be lost in forwarding the cause of their education in every possible way that may be within his power. We add, however, a few paragraphs from Mr. Stokes' report on one of the crying evils in our schools, to which we have not particularly alluded:



"I will venture," says Mr. Stokes, "to offer a few remarks, far from new in themselves, but possibly still unfamiliar to many connected with the schools which I visit. Those schools range between rooms of great area, with an attendance of 400 or 500, to the humble apartment holding a score of children. The same organisation cannot be available for all of them. It is to the larger schools that the following remarks mainly refer.

Up to the year 1850, I suppose that the only plan of conducting a large school known to my district consisted in the pure monitorial system. Under this system, as is notorious to all, a large room, oblong or nearly square, was filled to within four or five feet of either wall with long lines of parallel desks, all facing the master's seat, raised on a platform at one end of the room. The children wrote their copies and got through their sums at the desks; but the work of the school, so far as it consisted in teaching and learning, was carried on by means of numerous small semicircular classes formed along the walls, and confided to an equal number of 'monitors.'

There are still schools so conducted; and I will refer particularly to one of them, which, I am glad to learn, is now re-organised. On my last visit it contained upwards of 400 children, arranged in twenty-eight classes, with subdivisions of the younger children; there was an infants' school besides. The discipline was excellent, the evolutions admirably performed, and the whole superintended by very superior teachers. Let it be assumed—I am not certain of the facts—that eight classes were taught immediately by the teacher and assistants. There would then remain twenty classes, each requiring a monitor, to be changed once at least; so that not fewer than forty or fifty monitors would be employed every day. The first child of the last class was aged nine, and but a small number were upwards of eleven.

Can it be imagined that such a school contained forty or fifty children fit to teach others, qualified to cultivate intellect, to refine manners, to form character? that the parents of the monitors sent them to school to teach, and not to learn? that they attended regularly? that the parents of the rest sent their children to school to learn of children of the same age, or less? that the twenty-eight classes represented actual gradations in attainment? that of the brief school-day it is desirable to spend an hour in manœuvring from the desk to the wall, and from the wall back to the desk again?

I have seen in monitorial schools many devoted teachers of considerable attainments and untiring zeal; but I have never met with one in which the children's progress was really satisfactory.

The vices of the system are manifest as they are manifold. I have been struck with the following:—

1. The teacher's office is degraded. He who should be the actual teacher often confines himself, while monitors teach the classes, to a general superintendence, teaching no one.

2. The apprentices are sacrificed. No proper scope is afforded

for the development of the teaching powers of apprentices, who seldom, in monitorial schools, make much progress as teachers after their second year.

3. The elder children are sacrificed. They are employed in appearing to teach others, instead of really learning themselves. In some instances, domineering, ungentle, and even cruel habits are created and confirmed.

4. The younger children are sacrificed. Instead of a teacher of formed mind and manners, they are placed under a child, whose authority is either a tyranny or a farce. Let any one who questions the intellectual inefficiency of monitors examine those employed in the school of highest reputation within reach. Let him try them in reading, in explaining words and sentences, in notation of figures, in writing from dictation. The result, I am persuaded, will amaze him.

5. The classification is artificial and capricious. In the attainments and mental development of children, between the infants' school and the first class of an ordinary school, not more than four distinct degrees are ordinarily observable. I have never been able to ascertain upon what principle a division into twenty or thirty classes is effected; but it is certainly not uncommon, if chance has assigned a more intelligent or active-minded monitor to the eighth or twelfth class, to find the children in it more advanced than those of the fourth or sixth. Almost as a rule I have remarked that the second class is superior to the first, being less occupied with others, and receiving more of the head-teacher's attention.

6. The multitude of classes and their shape are objectionable. In a room where a score of children are playing at masters and mistresses over two hundred of their companions, order and silence will be required in vain. The signal sounds, the master's cane strikes a desk or a head; a momentary pause or a scream, and all is confusion again. Meantime the children stand round their little rulers; and while the head of the class is addressed, the bottom, if prodigiously inquisitive, may learn indeed what is passing in another class, but certainly nothing from his own. When rotation brings round the sentence to the bottom, the top is quite out of hearing.

7. Time is wasted. No one can have witnessed without admiration the power exerted by a skilful master over the mass of his boys by aid of the mechanical contrivances of the monitorial system. And drilling has its value, no doubt. But is it the purpose for which children attend school? Is it worth the time and pains bestowed upon it?

8. Parents are dissatisfied. Teachers often complain of the unreasonableness of parents, who like their children neither to act as monitors, nor to learn from monitors. In repeated instances I have been told that they consent to send their sons only on condition that the master will himself give them at least one lesson every day. I sympathise cordially with the parents, and consider them perfectly justified in their demand; but there is great reason to regret such evidences of want of confidence and popularity.



9. Lastly, there is an objection, which lies beyond the limits of my duty, but which I feel too forcibly to pass in perfect silence. It is feared that in some monitorial schools a knowledge of the most sacred truths and solemn duties is communicated in a manner but too well calculated to make religion permanently distasteful. Where the capital fault is avoided, at the best memory alone can be addressed; for how is it possible that monitors of nine, or ten, or eleven, should be trusted to illustrate and enforce the doctrines and precepts of revelation?

Deeply convinced of the absolute failure of the monitorial system as a means of instruction, and of the moral dangers accompanying it, I witness with hearty satisfaction the progress of its disappearance. Edinburgh, St. Mary; Liverpool, St. Thomas, St. Nicholas (girls'), St. Peter's (girls'), St. Mary's (girls'); Wigan, St. John's; Newcastle, St. Andrew; Darlington; Stockport (boys'), and other schools, have been cleared of the heavy squares of desks, and rearranged in convenient parallel groups. The same system is ordinarily adopted in new schools, as at Liverpool, St. Anne and St. Francis; Manchester, St. Chad; Preston, Talbot Schools—and elsewhere. Under this system, benches and desks twelve feet in length, facing inwards, are arranged three deep in groups along one or both of the sides. The children are taught, mainly in their seats, by a teacher or assistant sitting or standing in front of the division, with easel and black-board, or map or picture.

Doubtless an adult trained teacher and a separate class-room for every thirty children, if attainable, would approach still nearer to perfection; but the organisation now becoming general possesses great advantages over the monitorial plan. The more advanced children are instructed and trained immediately by the head-teacher. The younger are in charge of regular assistants, fairly qualified, always within sight and hearing; the classification is natural and real; the apprentices' powers are exercised and strengthened; no time is wasted in needless evolutions; and progress is generally satisfactory. These results follow the change where the teacher understands the reasons of it, and possesses skill to turn it to account. There may be cases where the improvement is apparent only; as there certainly are schools in which, by merely shortening the desks and forming large classes, skilful teachers have removed in great measure the evils of the monitorial system."

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## Reviews.

### MR. MONTGOMERY'S "POETRY:" RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTALISM.

1. *The Sanctuary; a Companion in Verse for the English Prayer-Book.* By Robert Montgomery, M.A., author of "The Christian Life," "Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. Chapman and Hall.
2. *The Omnipresence of the Deity, and other Poems.* By Robert Montgomery, A.M. Twenty-eighth edition. Chapman and Hall.

A FRIEND of ours, much given to anecdotes, tells the following apologue *à propos* of the supposed inferiority of the intellect of the moderns to that of the ancients:—When Jupiter first proposed to make the world and its inhabitants, he created two masses of substance, the one of brains, and the other of the proper material for the flesh, bones, and sinews of man; and he handed them over to Mercury, to be employed in the fabrication of the human species. Now Mercury, being a clever dog himself, fully appreciated the advantage of cleverness in others, and did not like to turn out his handiwork in any thing like a second-rate condition. Accordingly he bestowed a very considerable portion of brains upon the earlier specimens of the human race. By and by, finding that the mass of brains committed to his charge was rapidly diminishing, he went off to Jupiter, and begged to know whether it was his intention to create many more men. "Certainly," says Jove, "I shall."

"Then, by Jove," cried the god of eloquence—for no doubt he had already learnt the polite art of asseveration—"I don't know what I shall do for brains for them."

"I know nothing about that," replies the king of gods and men; "I gave you a quantity of brains proportionate to the number of men and women you would have to fabricate, and you must make the best you can of the job."

Whereupon, says the story, Mercury, having a mighty small stock of brains left to work with, proceeded to make up the deficiency with *pumpkin* in all future individuals of the human race.

The title-page of this new edition of the Rev. Robert Montgomery's great work, *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, for-

cibly brings to our memory the above story. "The twenty-eighth edition!" Is it possible? What an enormous mass of *pumpkin* must Mercury have bestowed upon the reading public of the British isles! The twenty-eighth edition! Let us see; how many readers does that probably give? When writers become as popular as Mr. Montgomery certainly is, and the editions of their works are counted by the dozen, it is usual to print at least two thousand copies of each edition. Say, then, at a guess, that each edition has been about that number on the average, and we have between *fifty and sixty thousand* readers, or purchasers, for that species of production which Mr. Montgomery, his publishers, and his admirers, agree to call "poetry." Here is pumpkin, indeed; and no brains, even in the smallest quantity, wherewith to animate the inert mass.

Readers of a certain age will remember that when this "poem" was in the first glow of its popularity, and had been puffed into a very decided success, Mr. Macaulay attacked it in the *Edinburgh Review*, and administered on its author one of the funniest flagellations ever bestowed by critic on unfortunate scribe. Those who think the press is "omnipotent," and fancy that nobody could live who was stamped upon by an *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly* reviewer in old times, or is victimised by writers in the *Times* now-a-days, must have been astonished to perceive what vigorous vitality this same "poem" has shown, notwithstanding its entire annihilation at the hands of Thomas Babington Macaulay. From year to year it has lived and thriven, bringing golden rewards into the breeches-pockets of its author—if so sublime a writer can condescend to wear so sublunary a garment;—and awaking, as Mr. Montgomery would say, responsive echoes in the minds of tens of thousands of pious gentlemen and ladies.

Moreover, it is clear that with a vastly numerous class of book-buyers Mr. Montgomery is the poet of the day; not crowned with laurel by the Queen, but enshrined in the hearts of faithful votaries, who, as soon as any thing new comes forth from his pen, rush to the booksellers' and order "Mr. Montgomery's last." We cannot call to mind the names of them all. There is "Satan," and "Luther," and "Woman"—(three favourite subjects to whom Mr. Montgomery has an eye whenever he writes)—and "The Christian Life," and what others we know not; but they are enough, when collected into one volume, as is the custom with booksellers in the case of all great poets, to fill a space so large as to sell for twenty shillings.

Apollo, however, does not always strike the lyre, and Mr.



Montgomery oftentimes delivers his oracles in prose; or, at any rate, not in verse; for, if we may judge from a speech delivered by our author at Glasgow on the subject of slavery, and here reprinted (very modestly) as a note to what he calls a "Universal Prayer," his prose is quite on a level with his "poetry." Such as it is, it certainly *sells* well. There is *God and Man*, which has reached a third edition; *The Gospel in Advance of the Age*—(what *does* that mean?), third edition; *Christianity*, sixth edition; *Spiritual Discourses*, third edition; and so forth. In fact, it is plain that Mr. Montgomery is an idol, with fitting hosts of reverent worshippers, who take him for a god, and believe in him, and buy his books. True, he is only an idol of the school that frequents proprietary chapels, and clothes its tutelary deities in rustling silk, and makes offerings of slippers and other such small adornments, and consists almost exclusively of the less intellectual of the female sex: but he is an idol still; and from the oracles he utters the patient listener may gather somewhat of information respecting the minds of his fellow-creatures, which, if not highly elevating, is at least curious, and moves the soul to pity. Let us glance, then, at the kind of stuff which fifty or sixty thousand voices have pronounced to be poetry, and religious poetry too, and whose manufacturer this materialistic and war-making age still delights to honour.

In his more juvenile days Mr. Montgomery was the fluent utterer of unlimited melodramatic nonsense. There was no end of his lines, whether blank or rhyming; but they were all alike in one respect—it was often difficult to make head or tail of their meaning. Sense and syntax Mr. Montgomery held in equal scorn. But in those days he was all for the thunder-and-lightning school of "poetry." His earlier books remind one of that respectable flunky in the *Pickwick Papers* whom Sam Weller designates by the name of "Blazes." *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, as it stood for its first dozen editions or so, with the other kindred progeny from the "poet's" fertile mind, was all "blazes." Cataracts, torrents, flashes, crashes, whirlwinds, storm-demons, ocean-heavings, earthquakes, volcanoes, and all the rest of the theatrical property-man's apparatus for the last scene of a demoniacal *spectacle*, were our author's familiars. He was still a young Oxford undergraduate while he enchanted the "grandmothers of England;" and we can almost imagine him pacing to and fro in his college garret and astonishing the scouts with his prophetic numbers.

The Oxford undergraduate is now, and long has been, a clergyman of the English Establishment,—and we have no



doubt a very respectable one. But—*qualis ab incepto*—he still holds sense and syntax as matters beneath his notice. He is now no longer melodramatic save at intervals, when the old war-horse snorts and stamps at the sound of the accustomed trumpet. His mood is for the most part metaphysical, transcendental, and sentimental, with a considerable dash of the domestic. He has learned the realities of life, and has found that besides thunders and lightnings, earthquakes and volcanoes, storm-fiends and ocean-heavings, there are such things as tea-parties, and babies, and bread-and-butter. Keble, the booksellers' advertisements tell him, sells better than Milton; and a puff of the Book of Common Prayer will find readers who count *Paradise Lost* a bore, and *L'Allegro* unintelligible and profane. So he has thrown aside his trombones and his kettle-drums, and now pipes small melodies on the flageolet. He is nevertheless no more a Keble now than he was once a Milton; and his votaries are still of that very numerous class, who read poetry in order to have their sensibilities gently stroked down, rather than to be awakened to thought, or refreshed for the strenuous struggle of life.

A few chance passages from this twenty-eighth and revised edition of Mr. Montgomery's first production, and a few more from his last labour, *The Sanctuary*, will be enough to show the intelligent reader of what stuff the minds of many thousands of respectable Englishmen and Englishwomen are still made. This twenty-eighth edition of *The Omnipresence of the Deity* contains moreover many additional compositions of more recent date; and especially one gem, as remarkable, we should say, in its way, as the "Koh-i-noor," the celebrated "mountain-of-light" diamond. This jewel is called "Wellington," and is a sort of ode on the funeral of the Duke; enlivened by the addition, in the form of notes, of the *Times* article on the Duke's death, and Mr. Disraeli's speech in the House of Commons on the same occasion. Both of these Mr. Montgomery considers to be "master-pieces of eulogy." Why he reprints the latter of the two, considering that it is in part a detected plagiarism, we cannot divine, unless it be that he is on the look-out for promotion from the ex-chancellor, if ever a happy chance should again toss him into the ministry. The "ode" itself Mr. Montgomery dedicates to his own wife, informing the reader, with the best of taste, that she has more than twenty relations who have fought and served under the victim of her husband's verse. We should like to give our readers the whole of this "ode," as being on the whole the most ludicrous piece of doggrel which successful impudence ever had the face to print and call it

poetry. But we must leave "that hoary chief, who," as Mr. Montgomery sings,

"Fifteen battles fought and won,  
Nor left, nor lost, a British gun;"

and glean elsewhere a few illustrations of our author's style. In passing on, however, we can assure our readers, that if ever they are in low spirits and want reviving, "Wellington" will assuredly prove a restorative, especially if they can follow the advice which the author gives after describing the forming of the funeral procession :

"Concentre, if thou can, the harmonising Whole,  
And treasure it with tears of sympathy, and soul!"

(We beg to state, once for all, that we copy exactly our poet's punctuation and capital letters.)

Having mastered the signification (which we have not) of the above suggestion, the judicious reader will perhaps be able to interpret the following, or at least some of them. For ourselves, as we turn from page to page, we can only exclaim, What, on earth, does the man mean? Here is a bit of prose from a note :

"As a fuller and more thoughtful development of the Divine Spirit's Work and Office in the Church, and Consciousness of our redeemed Humanity, the author ventures," &c.

What is "Consciousness of our redeemed Humanity?" and are we to understand that it is "developed" in the subjoined lines, or that the said "Consciousness," &c., is the work of the Divine Spirit? The lines then given are worthy of their introduction. They are addressed to the Third Person in the Blessed Trinity, whom our poet apostrophises in this astounding piece of nonsense and heresy :

"Thou teachest God; and Man himself abides  
In fact unfathom'd, till Thy light reveal  
The two eternities of coming truth  
Within Him folded,—like a double germ  
Soon to expand, in heaven or hell complete.  
And hence, our Nature grows an awful thing;  
We thrill eternity in touching Man;  
Since, from the eye-balls of his living head  
Outlooks the Everlasting!—though eclipsed;  
While every heart-pulse, in the life of faith,  
Throbs with Thy Spirit, Inspiration's Lord."

Mr. Montgomery tells us that this is the production of his "maturer life;" but really it is quite equal to any of his undergraduate effusions. When we "touch man," we "thrill eternity;" out of a "living head's eye-balls" "the Everlasting out-looks" (by which, we suppose, is meant "looks out"); and nevertheless "the Everlasting" is eclipsed!

In the next lines we have our author on a more domestic subject, viz. infants. These he calls "Incarnate Trifles;" but, nevertheless, when it dies, an infant instantly

" May at once eclipse  
Archangels in their knowledge ; and from God  
A coronet beyond the Cherubim to match  
In splendour, on its infant-brow receive."

But yet, if a baby lives even a moment, "untaught, untried, untempted, and unskilled," then, asks Mr. Montgomery, triumphantly,

" What is it,—but a blank of being lost,  
In life all mystery, and in death no more?"

Having thus delivered himself, our author might, with the most perfect serenity, imitate Chubb and Bramah, and offer a 100% reward to any body who will pick *his* lock, and display his meaning to a delighted world.

If Mr. Montgomery is thus instructive on the topic of babies, he is naturally not less profound when he handles such subjects as the "Sovereignty of Divine Grace," or "Reason and Faith." Thus he commences :

" Goodness to all may infinitely come,  
But, pard'ning grace for sinners *only*, acts,—  
And thus, o'er Evil triumphs endless Good,  
Beyond all words (save what in heaven they speak)  
Rightly to equal with o'ertaking praise  
Or rapture."

This, as a dogmatic explanation of a mystery, is, we should say, unrivalled. But it is, perhaps, in the dozen pages of lines called "Universal Prayer," that the genius of our poet displays itself in most conspicuous colours. Here is part of an exordium in the "grand" style :

" Thou Infinite! since first creation roll'd,  
Of Heaven thy mercy hath a shade reveal'd  
To Nature's heart ; in ev'ry age, or clime,  
Heard in the wind, or by the tempest robed,  
Or, in the parent-sun presumed to shine,—  
Still has immortal soul been stamped with Thee!"

"Rolling" is one of Mr. Montgomery's favourite words; accordingly here "creation rolls." Of the second and part of the following line the *grammatical* meaning is, that nature is a revelation of heaven to nature's heart ; but *how* a thing is a revelation to its own heart we are not told. But in the rest we can see neither grammar nor sense :

" In every age, or clime,  
Heard in the wind, or by the tempest robed,  
Or, in the parent-sun presumed to shine,—  
Still has immortal soul been stamped with Thee!"



What *can* it mean? "In every age heard in the wind, or robed by the tempest:" this, we suppose, means that God Himself has been "heard in the wind, and robed by the tempest;" but then what follows?

"Or, in the parent-sun presumed to shine."

We give it up. The task is hopeless.

Over-leaf we learn that the "Seasons *live and act*" up in the sky among the stars; and that

"When dark whirlwinds o'er creation sweep  
Like rebel-Spirits plunging from the sky,  
We dread Thee, wing'd upon each awful blast!"

Almighty God is "winged *upon* the blasts," and those blasts are like Lucifer falling from heaven. A truly pious sentiment for the devout soul in a thunder-storm! This being so, it is little to find that the thought of the divine Majesty "breathes a holy *freshness* through the heart;" and that "the gifted few" (evidently meant for "poets") are the "archangels of the earth."

But we can linger no longer on this twenty-eighth edition, with its additions of "maturer" lore. Let us see what Mr. Montgomery makes of it in the Keble style. The very first words in *The Sanctuary* console us with the certainty that if ever his genius slumbered, "Richard is himself again." It opens with a "contusion of epitaphs" that would gladden the heart of Mrs. Malaprop herself:

"I love my Prayer Book, for it breathes  
Of heaven and holiness to me,  
And round awakened conscience wreathes  
The echoes of eternity."

We have heard of many things, some good and some bad, accomplished by the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, but we never before imagined that it could "wreath" an "echo," especially the "echoes of eternity," and still more "round an awakened conscience."

We will now see what our author makes of his Prayer Book, opening his pages almost at random. Here we have him on the *Benedicite*, "thrilling" again in most mysterious fashion:

"A throbbing lyre of holy love  
The heart baptised for heaven should be,  
Whose inmost pulse is heard above,  
And thrills incarnate Deity."

This is nearly equal to the passage in which we learn, that when we "touch man" we "thrill eternity." On the present occasion, the "baptised heart" is a "lyre," which "throbs" and has a "pulse," which is (not felt, but) "heard" above, where it "thrills incarnate Deity"!

As we are upon parallel passages, we may as well gratify the reader with another, by way of illustration of the lines already quoted, in which our poet describes Almighty God as "winged upon rebel spirits." Here he goes a step further, and passes from blasphemous nonsense into sheer impiety :

"Almighty! in the midnight of Thy frown  
Myriads are withered down :—  
Walking in darkness, like a curtained Fiend  
In power and darkness screened,  
Moves round our land a desolating Pest  
No mortal cures arrest ;  
Since, onward, in its blast and blight of death,  
Sweeps His contagious breath !"

This comes of writing rant on religious subjects. Is Mr. Montgomery aware of what he is doing, when he calls the breath of Almighty God a pest, and says that it is like a "curtained Fiend?" We can only suppose that he drew the "inspiration" which produced this "poem" from the last scene in a goblin-melodrama at one of the London minor theatres. Indeed, his metaphors frequently remind us of the charming poetry uttered at those classic haunts by some magnanimous bandit or gory spectre. "A curtained Fiend in power and darkness screened!" Of course, we don't pretend to say what that really means; but, as we repeat the words, we can fancy we smell the gas, and have our eyes dazzled with blue-lights, while thunders of applause burst forth from the "gods" in the shilling gallery.

Now for a specimen in the nursery style. We take them all at hazard, for the volume is full of similar beauties. *A propos* of the Church of England, we learn that

"She, of martyred saints the Mother,  
Our guide to heaven, and not another,—  
Free as the air the glorious Bible gives !"

"Our guide to heaven, *and not another!*" On the whole, we think this quite unique. The lines thus wind up:—we remind the reader that the punctuation is pure and unmitigated Montgomery :

"If, *as* we live, the truth we learn,  
And, *as* we love, our God discern,  
Spirit of Christ! Thy Word interpret all,—  
Till Scripture with divine control  
Reign like a soul within a soul,  
And, prove us, Children, when on God we call."

Another 100%, we should say, might safely be offered for the discovery of the sense of this luminous passage.

But we are getting wearied of all this rubbish, though



nearly every page in *The Sanctuary* (which Mr. Montgomery has the coolness to dedicate to the memory of George Herbert) tempts us with a fresh illustration of the fertility of its author's brain in the production of nonsense, metaphysical, practical, and tremendous. With a specimen of each of these kinds, we will leave our poet in peace. Here, first, is nonsense-metaphysical :

" But, in the *soul*, parenthesis, nor pause  
Impedes those everlasting laws  
Whereby accretions round the Spirit grow,  
Which ripen it, for weal, or woe."

What a process! The "Spirit" is "ripened" by "accretions," which are the result of "everlasting laws," whose action is not impeded by any "parenthesis!"

In passing on, we observe, by the way, that at page 187 Mr. Montgomery assures us very decidedly that eternity is "shadowless," but that, nevertheless, "faith sees its mystic presence imaged within the heart;" but at page 281 we find that he has quite changed his mind, and says :

" When dark and deep on haggard conscience lie  
The haunting shadows of eternity,  
No lustre but thy radiant word  
Can roll them off, divinest Lord!"

Next for the nonsense-practical. The reader will not guess it, but it is a fact, that the following is on the subject of the "Gunpowder Treason:"

" Two Wills alone may cause our world to move,—  
Finite below, or Infinite above;  
And all which reason and religion say  
Points to the question, ' Which should lead the way?'  
Science, the first, but faith our God will call  
Alpha of each and Omega of all."

For the nonsense-tremendous the following will suffice :

" Peace to the dead! he waits his hour  
When the last trumpet shall untomb yon sea,  
And with such life-blast all her waves o'erpower  
Dust shall arise, and look in Deity!"

On the whole, we conclude that, though our author is now a man of mature years, and, as he informs the world, has more than twenty connections (by marriage) who have fought under the Duke of Wellington, he ought to go to school again, and be whipped severely until he can write grammar, punctuate decently, and know when he is spouting gibberish or talking sense. As for his admirers—the twenties of thousands who buy his books, and (if that is possible) read them all,—what must we think of *them*? They are, in fact, a much more in-

teresting subject for thought, however painful, than a score of such versifiers as Mr. Montgomery. The popularity of these silly books is a sign of the existence of a phenomenon in the popular mind, which it is well that we should never overlook in our dealings with Protestants, and, through forgetting which, we sometimes form the most erroneous estimates of their tendency towards Catholicism.

The secret of the popularity of Mr. Montgomery's writings we take to be this:—that they excite what may be called the *religious sensibilities*, in a pleasing, soothing, semi-serious way, which is eminently grateful to minds of a certain cast, but which are usually very far from any genuine, practical religious sincerity. With respectable people, whose morals are fairly good, and especially in a country and age which values mere decency and propriety so highly as the England of to-day values them, this religious sentimentalism is very common. Though far enough from having any such perceptions of eternity, of sin, of the rights of their Creator, as may arouse them to seek to *save their souls* at all costs, they possess a kind of taste for some of the emotions produced by true religion. They appreciate, though feebly, the beauty of religion, and the nobleness of the poetry of the Bible; the *ideas* of salvation, of grace, of sacraments, of a happy death, of the saints in heaven, are agreeable to them, and exert a sort of lulling and softening influence on their feelings at certain times, even occasionally when they are in suffering. They have not, it is true, the clear insight of faith into the spiritual *realities* which the Gospel reveals, but they have sundry vague notions of doctrine, more generally orthodox than otherwise; and there is nothing they like so much as to have these ideas, from time to time, set before them in a pretty phantasmagoria of language, which mystifies without enlightening the understanding. It is a species of gently titillating process, by which the feelings are fixed upon religious subjects, and the imagination filled with religious phraseology, while the conscience remains a gratified spectator, and forgets all the while that sin is a tremendous reality, and that God is a rigorous Judge, and that the salvation of Jesus Christ is given only to those who keep back nothing from Him. When the soul is once thoroughly alive to its relation towards God, it cannot rest without clear, distinct, and definite conceptions of revealed doctrine. Flowers of rhetoric are a mockery to a man before whose eyes the flames of hell are burning. But in the minds of the numerous class we speak of, the great object is not eternal salvation, but present comfort. The sensual man wants sensual enjoyments; the cove-



tous wants riches; the ambitious power; but what these people want is *religious* pleasures. They are religious, indeed, being connected with religious ideas; but yet what is sought for is not the actual pardon and grace of Jesus Christ, but the consolation of believing oneself pious, and the tickling of the religious sensibilities.

For such as these Mr. Montgomery is the very man. He gives them a loud-sounding sentence, and they think it profound wisdom. He flings imagery about by the handful, and they take him for a Psalmist of the 19th century. He twaddles about the Prayer Book, and they fancy it is practical religion. And so they go on from day to day, mistaking emotions on religious subjects for real religious feeling, and a fondness for Brummagem paraphrases of the Bible for the gold of pure Christian doctrine.

Another variety of the same class, who would think it an insult to be classed with the admirers of Mr. Montgomery, are nevertheless not a whit nearer religious truth. And it is of these that we who are Catholics are most apt to form mistaken judgments, and to think them likely to become Catholics, when they are as far off as the benighted gentlemen who esteem *The Omnipresence of the Deity* a rival to *Paradise Lost*. These are captivated by the external splendour of Catholicism, by its historic grandeur, and the great things it has done for the arts. They come to our churches, listen to the music, praise the sermons, and think incense delightful. They even patronise our creed, abuse the Anglican bishops, and cannot endure any thing puritanical. Sometimes they like Catholic society, at least the society of certain Catholics; or they set up private oratories, buy images and pictures, and criticise a crucifix with the unction of a devout sculptor. But, after all, the only thing they care for is to have their religious sensibilities tickled. If their conscience is moved, it is merely on the surface. They are not looking at God *as God*; nor at sin *as sin*; nor at the day of judgment except as a favourite subject with the mediæval painters. And if we encourage them in their fancies, on the ground that they are on the high road to the Church, we may as reasonably see an incipient Catholic in Mr. Montgomery because he publishes a few mystified stanzas in favour of praying for the dead.

As an illustration of the character of mind of these amateur Catholics of the æsthetical description, we shall quote and conclude our present remarks with a rather long extract from the life, recently published, of Etty, the Royal Academician. Etty was well known to many Catholics, who, we

believe, all agreed in upholding his personal character as very different from that which his pictures suggested. A painter of florid sensualities, he was a man of simple heart, simple habits, and harmless life; liked, and more than liked, by all who knew him; and because he dabbled in Catholic æsthetics, some thought him almost a Catholic. It is, therefore, worth while to see what his biographer—a very absurd writer, of the name of Gilchrist, whom the title-page, and no internal evidence, tells us to be a lawyer—says on this part of Etty's character:

"At York," says Mr. Gilchrist, "while casting a wistful glance towards London and Academy, Etty prolonged his stay far into November, 'in hopes of a job,'—an altar-piece for a Roman Catholic Chapel in the neighbourhood, for which his friend John Harper, the architect employed, had hoped to secure him a commission. His predilection for the Catholics—to which add his anxiety to secure a sufficiency 'of the needful' flowing in so reluctantly this year—made him unusually solicitous for the commission. Laying himself out to obtain it, a step he had seldom or never before taken, he prepared sketches and otherwise bestirred himself.

"Such was his 'veneration,' he replied, to a formal question from his friend as to price, 'for that ancient and truly poetic religion,'—the Roman Catholic,—that were he 'a man of fortune, or of competence even, he should esteem the honour sufficient reward.' As matters stand, he would 'paint the picture for the lowest sum' 'justice to himself and others would warrant: about 300*l.* if the subject chosen required more than two or three figures; 250*l.* if *not* requiring more. The picture would probably occupy the best hours of an entire year.' It would be to him 'an opportunity, long coveted, of doing something for that faith which has been the means of' restoring the 'arts so dear to my soul; *without* which I should hardly think life worth living. Architecture, painting, music, sculpture, all owe their second existence to the Catholic faith.' An opportunity also it promised, of practising in accordance with a favourite theory,—a reasonable enough one, justified by the practice of *every* epoch of true art,—respecting the importance of his art as an auxiliary to religion and to architecture.

"Disappointment was the sequel to much suspense and baseless hope. The patron of the church in question ultimately did not give the commission.

"The above extract may be accepted, as far as it goes, as a confession of faith on Etty's part,—an artist's faith. In his letters from abroad of 1816, we heard him talk in orthodox Protestant accents of the 'effigies of Popery' he came across in the churches; of 'some Popish ceremonies going on,' &c. Twenty years later, his feelings towards the religion of our forefathers had undergone a change. Growing love for the 'monuments of art and of piety' they had left behind, exerted the influence it has had on so many in our time. And in 1836, he declares himself, to a lady who had



taken him to task for his heterodox leanings, 'in his heart's core deeply and sincerely of the ancient faith,—Catholic ;—not of the Daniel O'Connell school, but that of Alfred, St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Bruno, and Fénelon ; not forgetting Raphael, Michael Angelo, and a host of other great and good men.' 'Rubens a Catholic, too,' he adds. 'Though in some respects of opposite faith,'—his correspondent being a rigid Protestant,—'we agree,' thinks he, 'in the vital and essential points of Christianity.' He 'endeavours to be a Christian ;' and, never obtruding his belief on others, 'conceiving they have a right to think for themselves,' (not precisely a Romanist sentiment), asks 'the same charitable thinking' for himself.

"To his brother he explains, at a later date : 'I am *not* a' (Roman) 'Catholic, nor probably ever shall be, unless they get their own cathedrals back again. Nor have I any wish to convert *you* to that faith. But I am, and trust ever shall be, an advocate for *truth and justice*, in opposition to cant and charlatanry.' *As such*, he challenges denial of the facts : 'That we are indebted to the' (Roman) 'Catholics for most that is great or good our ancestors have handed down to us. \* \* For the introduction of Christianity into Britain. \* \* For our laws. \* \* For all that is great in ancient architecture, painting, music, in Christian Europe.'

"'That they were, in this country, vilified, robbed of their possessions, and just rights as Englishmen ; in many cases murdered, expatriated, turned out of their holy places,' &c. &c. 'Protestant justice must now add insult, falsehood, abuse, calumny,' &c.

"As late as 1847, I find him applying to a learned brother artist, putting the query, 'whether, in *his* opinion, the Roman Catholic, or Protestant faith, is better adapted for promoting the happiness and best interests of the human race?' His friend replies orthodoxly, in favour of the latter : admitting, however, that 'the *arts*' have—in past, not present time—most flourished under the inspiration and 'dignified encouragement' of the former.

"An anecdote, with which Mr. Maclise has furnished me, illustrates the respect Etty cherished for the elder Church. 'I know not,' writes the latter, 'if it be worth while to tell, as exemplar of the religious feeling of Etty, that he drew me aside to remonstrate against my having introduced a group of monks, engaged in rather a convivial manner at the board, in an early picture of mine, called *The Bow of the Peacock*. He was both serious and severe with me for this.'

"His sympathies were all with the religion of the old times, with the builders of York and Westminster, the painters of the Vatican, of the Sistine, and of the palaces of Venice. 'Oh, that I could have seen my country,' he will exclaim, in his letters to his niece, 'when her brows were crowned with gems, like what our abbeys, our cathedrals, and churches once were ! When schism had not split the Christian world into fighting and disputing fanatics ; when the dignity of Christ's holy temple and of His worship were

thought improved by making the fine arts handmaids thereto; and the finest efforts of the soul of man were made subservient to His glory.'

"Small was the love Etty bore towards such as for a church 'build up a box of brick, make a hole to get in, and two or three others to let in the light.' No! 'The men who could raise structures like York Minster,' declares the painter to a friend; 'who could apply the best, the most glorious of arts to the service, honour, and glory of Him who made and sustains us, and, by *thus* applying them, and drawing nearer to Him in prayer and praise, soften, sweeten, ameliorate the ruggedness, selfishness, and barbarity of our nature,'—'the men who could do this, could do what the Roman Catholics have done, come nearest to my feelings of what a Christian should be. And this, whatever corruptions might have crept into their worship. For into what human institutions will not error creep?'

"The tendency was with Etty one of sentiment. An amateur Romanist, like many of his temperament, he now and then attended Mass for the music's sake. He read with much gusto in the 'Ages of Faith:' mourned over our ruined abbeys, for the architecture's sake, and the peaceful seclusion of those 'vanished asylums of piety.' He delighted to anathematise 'the spoilers of God's "Holy Temple,"' and to execrate the memory of Henry VIII.: in his almanac appending, as occasion offers, disparaging epithets over against the elsewhere honoured names of Luther, Calvin, Elizabeth, William III., and the like '*ultra-Protestants*;' excited again by that unpardonable destruction of the beautiful monasteries, and primed with the new versions of history current among certain cliques. In his bed-room he set up a very pretty *dilettanti altar*, as described in a letter already quoted. He loved, in fact, to indulge in a little innocent make-believe; to fancy himself a 'good Catholic' in the past, if not in the present. The taste went no further. To clerical and other esteemed friends, when, in later years, rating him for his Romanist tendencies, and prophesying he would turn Papist: 'Never, never!' he would cry; 'as long as you possess York Minster or Westminster Abbey. I shall live and die a Protestant. I love my native Church—the Church of my baptism,' &c. Though his enthusiasm was kindled for the ancient Church as the patron of art,—in mediæval times, *all* classes were 'patrons of art,'—he was not, he confided to a Protestant friend, taking notice of his crucifixes, &c., to 'be led away by its tom-fooleries.' With Pugin, Herbert, and others of the same way of thinking, dining at his table, he would join in their scarcely ambiguous toast of 'the Church!' But despite his close intimacy with such fervent converts to mediæval creeds as well as mediæval art, he, to the last, continued a (more or less) dutiful member of the Church as by law established.'"

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## INSANITY IN ITS RELATIONS TO CATHOLICISM.

*Elements of Psychological Medicine, being an Introduction to the Practical Study of Insanity.* By Daniel Noble, M.D., Visiting Physician to the Clifton Hall Retreat; Lecturer on Psychological Medicine at the Chatham-street School of Medicine, Manchester, &c. Second edition. Churchill.

CONSIDERING the number of odd, flighty, miserable, and generally "cracky" people whom one continually meets with, it is natural that some persons should fancy that half the world are insane, and the other half are in duty bound to be their keepers. When one thinks of it, indeed, there *are* a great many very odd people going about the world at large. Nor is it always easy to say where eccentricity or flightiness ends and actual insanity begins; or, further, to determine whether an actually insane person is better left to himself than when put under the authoritative care of others. Still, it is well to be satisfied that eccentricity and insanity are two very different things, and also to be tolerably well informed as to the course which sane people ought to follow if ever circumstances bring them into contact with their less happy fellow-creatures.

In recommending Dr. Noble's *Psychological Medicine* to the general reader as a book which will give him very valuable information on these points, we are not going to the lengths of professional puffers, who protest that *every body* ought to buy Mr. So-and-so's last "Antidote to Popery," or "Infallible Interpretation of all the Prophecies;" but we do think that it may be read with advantage by many who usually turn from the subject as one too terrible and distressing for any but the professional adviser. Dr. Noble is a Catholic physician of considerable experience; and the early demand for a second edition of the present book shows the estimation in which it is held by the medical profession. Of course it does not treat the subject from the theological point of view; but wherever it touches on any thing in which morals are concerned, it has the advantage of being in strict harmony with Christian truth,—a merit which can by no means be claimed for all medical works in which the actions of the human will are more or less under discussion.

Before, however, proceeding further with the contents of Dr. Noble's book, we shall venture on a few remarks on a kindred subject which we do not remember to have seen



treated on by any writer, and on which Dr. Noble, writing for the general professional reader, naturally says nothing. This subject is, the remarkable attractiveness which the Catholic religion has for what are commonly called "cracked" people. We beg the devout reader not to start off, as if we were venting some irreverent insult against the faith; and we trust the laughter-loving reader will not be so amused at the notion as to refuse his attention to the subject in any but a joking mood. And as to our valued *Protestant* readers, who are ever exclaiming against the morals and mental soundness of converts, we beg to assure them that we are making no admission which will gratify *them*, or weaken the argument for Catholicism, unless it be in the minds of persons in some slight degree themselves troubled with deficiency of intellect. We are only stating a curious psychological fact, which we have not the smallest wish to deny; in which, on the contrary, we rather rejoice; and in which we see an argument not against, but in favour of the truth of the Catholic religion.

As to the fact itself, few Catholics will doubt its existence. We have almost all of us, at different times, come across people who have become Catholics, yet in regard to whom we have been constrained to wonder how their minds were equal to a serious and adequate grasping of the arguments in favour of the Church. Others, too, we meet with, not converts, but yet sincere and even devout Catholics, who are yet so decidedly singular, or queer, that the superficial observer is tempted to set down their attachment to Catholic religious observances as something to the discredit of Catholicism itself, which can make itself so agreeable to minds which in themselves are certainly more or less deficient. These odd people, whether converts or not, are of all kinds. Some are excitable, some are apathetic, some are melancholy, some are uproarious, some are stupid, some are clever; but all are, in some way or other, as the saying is, "touched." They want the full capacity for self-government, which the perfectly-formed man or woman possesses. In reasoning with them, or in any way associating with them, it is necessary to remember that there is some little screw or other loose in the machinery of their mind; and that allowances must accordingly be made for them, to which people of perfectly sound minds have no claim.

It is, however, only of those who are converts to Catholicism that we are now particularly speaking. And with respect to such we are perfectly ready to allow to the Protestant critic that the Catholic religion *has* a special attraction for minds of this slightly "cracked" description. We are not, it must be

observed, admitting for an instant that Catholicism has more attraction for the cracked than it has for the perfectly sound. Any thing more untrue could not be alleged. We venture to assert, that in the number of persons who have become Catholics during the last ten or twelve years, there is a larger proportion of good sound healthy understandings and well-balanced characters than is to be found in any equal number of other persons taken at hazard from the same classes of unconverted Protestants. The comparison we are admitting, or rather making, is between Catholicism and Protestantism, in their relative attractiveness to minds in some degree touched with unsoundness. And we allege that this very attractiveness, especially when compared with the peculiar kind of influence which earnest Protestantism has on minds similarly defective, is one of the many minor proofs that it comes from the hand of Him who creates all human intellects, both the feeblest and the most powerful.

It is not easy to define the exact characteristics of that peculiar condition of the mind which we all agree in calling crackiness, or flightiness, or deficiency. It differs from real insanity, not only in degree, but in kind; and if we might give a definition of its nature, we should say that in persons of this kind there is no actual deficiency of any one of those faculties which are necessary to the perfect mind and its healthy action, but that the parts (so to say) of the intelligent essence are so disproportionate in their degree, that the action which results is irregular, capricious, and such that it cannot be certainly depended on. The mind is sick, and must be treated like a sick body; though it is not absolutely maimed and incapable of all action worthy of a reasonable being.

Hence, while insane people are held to be morally irresponsible in the sight of God, no one supposes that flighty people are so, or that they are irresponsible to human authority. It is admitted that they require a peculiar treatment, that much cannot be fairly expected of them, and that large allowances are to be made for their infirmities; but we never think of saying that they cannot be guilty of sin, or that it is of no consequence (except as a matter of present enjoyment or suffering) under what religious influences they are placed.

Now it is a very striking—perhaps it is *the* most important—peculiarity in minds of this stamp, that they are all-but incapable of looking at this life precisely as it is. Their imagination is ever morbidly active. They have a perfect passion for dream-land, whether dark or brilliant. They are the antipodes of that sober, sensible, practical character, which



simply takes things as they are, expects neither much nor little, is neither highly elevated or deeply depressed, and goes through life with much contentment and much benefit to others. The "cracked" mind, on the contrary, cannot exist in comfort without creating some sort of fantastic ideal world, in which its thoughts and feelings may expatiate and exhaust themselves. It finds daily life utterly dry and unpalatable. The people it has to do with are unsatisfactory. It craves for something more, it knows not what, but yet something which shall soothe its restlessness, command its veneration, arouse its melancholy, and respond to its most transcendental aspirations. We all know what this condition of feeling is, from our own occasional experience. The most sober brain has felt the reaction that ensues after the excitement of a day of splendid pageant, or of an event which has called up the deepest emotions of the heart. At such times, the dry dull prose of ordinary existence seems duller, prosier, and more intolerable than usual, and the mind craves for something more beautiful, more apparently elevating and satisfying than the cold routine of hourly duties. And this is to a great degree the habitual state of the flighty or cracked understanding. It longs for a perpetual *spectacle*. Something great, or something lovely, or something exciting, must always be going on, or it finds life, if not actually intolerable, yet a strange bewildering puzzle, an enigma which it cannot solve.

Minds of this kind are, accordingly, usually disposed to religion by a kind of natural affinity. Of course they are not by nature more disposed than others to *real* religion; but they are strongly impelled to occupy themselves with religious ideas viewed merely as subjects for natural interest, and for exciting the natural emotions in a soothing, a passionate, or a tragic way. And here appears the remarkable contrast between the influence of Catholicism and Protestantism on minds of this description. When they "take to religion," as it is popularly expressed, in connection with Protestantism, all they gain from it is a powerful stimulus to their feelings. For their morbid imagination, for their unsettled habits in conduct, Protestantism can do nothing. It has but one remedy for the disease, and that remedy exaggerates it into actual insanity. It works violently upon their sensibilities, rousing to vehement emotion those very passions which ought to be lulled, controlled, and guided. It stirs up hope, fear, remorse, despair, and exultation, to excesses which not only border upon the frantic, but continually become really maniacal. With all the coarseness of vulgar fanaticism, it drives the poor feeble mind in upon itself, forcing it to dwell on its own



unhealthy emotions, and teaching it to take those diseased fancies as the tests, not only of its own spiritual state, but as the very touchstone by which the true gospel is distinguishable from counterfeits.

Hence the prevalence of what is called "religious melancholy" in the world, and its more developed form of "religious mania" in asylums for the insane. The minds of the sufferers have positively broken down under the remedies applied by heretical extravagance. Understandings which might have gone on with very fair health and vigour under a proper treatment, snap in two under the tension of Luther-Calvinism; and that Gospel which was given to heal every wound of the mind becomes the instrument of its destruction, in the frightful perversions to which it is subjected by anti-Catholic perversity. Hence also the extreme dislike entertained by so many physicians, who know of no religion but that which they call "Methodism," to the introduction of the religious element into the treatment of the insane. They see its terrible results in practice, and knowing nothing of what Catholicism can do for enfeebled or defective minds, they are of opinion that the only safe course is to banish from their thoughts every idea and every practice which reminds them of the world to come.

In the Church, on the other hand, the flighty or constitutionally depressed mind finds that very *pabulum* which tends to nourish it to vigorous health. Her system of external worship supplies that identical vision of supernatural life and beauty for which it craves so eagerly. The imagination is at once fed and satisfied. A golden thread is interwoven with the dull dark groundwork of daily life, on which the restless eye fixes itself, and traces its manifold forms of grace. The Church offices, ceremonies, ornaments, vestments, images, pictures, incense, processions; her festival and penitential days; her consecrated ministry; her ever-open sanctuaries; her tender memory of the dead; her veneration for relics; her intercourse with the Saints and with their Queen;—all these things present to the restless mind the realisation of that very ideal world which it is ever vainly striving to fashion from its own resources. In a perpetual interest in these things it finds a healthy and invigorating occupation. It is conscious at once of being excited and controlled; and we need not say to those who have studied mental incapacity in any of its forms, that this sense of control is an essential element in the enjoyment of persons of deficient minds. Cast such people upon the world, and they either torment themselves and their friends beyond endurance, or sink into hopeless melancholy. Bring them into the Catholic Church, and though they are often far

from being actually cured, their troubles are alleviated, they are kept from growing worse, they are preserved in the ranks of the sane and the responsible, and pass through life in a manner not altogether unworthy of beings created in the image of Almighty God.

At what precise points the deficiencies of minds of this character become actual disease, or, in other words, where real insanity begins, it is often difficult, or even impossible, to define. Practically, the determination of the question is not generally of any importance; as the fact that a person is really insane is often very far from a proof that he is not fit to live at large among his fellow-creatures. There are persons who are perfectly sound in mind, to such an extent as to make them morally responsible both to God and man, and yet whose mental deficiencies are such as to require the constant superintendence and control of their connections. And there are others, on the contrary, who are so clearly afflicted with positive mental disease, that we can hardly conceive them to be morally responsible, and yet who may be very safely trusted to be their own masters in actual life.

Nevertheless, as we said at the outset of our remarks, a certain degree of scientific study of the forms and phenomena of mental incapacity in its various modifications, is a thing almost necessary for those who in any way are called to guide the actions of their fellow-creatures. Above all, we think that such a study must be of material advantage to our own clergy, called as they are to deal with the very subtlest motives of human action, and to heal the diseases of the soul in every possible variation of intensity and caprice.

Take, for instance, that extremely common affection of the mind which we term "scrupulosity." Here is undoubtedly a peculiar phase of abnormal mental action, to which the strongest and healthiest minds are subject, and yet which is peculiarly apt to be found in a certain class of flighty or deficient minds; a complaint, on the right treatment of which the very progress of the spiritual life may be said to depend, yet most difficult to deal with, and whose origin it is often most difficult to discover. It is a complaint which may be intimately connected with disordered bodily health; or it may result from an actually diseased condition of the brain; or it may have no connection whatever with such causes, but be apparently a merciful infliction coming direct from the hand of God, as a means of humbling and sanctifying the soul. Yet, undeniably, scrupulosity is a mental infirmity, partaking in some slight degree of the nature of a mental complaint. The ordinary action of the reasoning faculties and of the feel-



ings is disturbed. The sufferer—for this is hardly too strong a term to use—is positively *unable* to employ his faculties with the same vigour, decision, and clearness, which he can apply to every other subject. It is difficult, therefore, to exaggerate the importance of a judicious treatment of a mind thus troubled with an affection which in one case will make a man a saint, and in another will lodge him in a lunatic asylum.

There can be no perfectly satisfactory text-book, then, on mental disease, which is confined to the purely medical or metaphysical point of view. In estimating the effects of a diseased state of the brain, it is absolutely necessary to be well informed as to the operations of the Holy Ghost in the soul, and the phenomena of purely spiritual delusion of all kinds. To treat all mental complaints in a perfectly satisfactory manner, we must unite moral with mystical theology, and both of these with medical knowledge, good sense, and a certain capacity for metaphysical study. Dr. Noble's book now before us will, as we have said, well reward the study of those who wish to master the subject in its medical and metaphysical aspect. It is clear and comprehensible to the unprofessional reader, and bears the impress of thoroughly sound sense and good feeling, and of an unbiased mind.\*

\* We must take exception, however, to some few passages in which Dr. Noble shows that he is not free from the *odium pharmacologicum*—if we may coin a new phrase by way of counterpart to the old *odium theologicum*. Such a one we find at p. 208, in a chapter on the diagnosis of insanity. "How," says Dr. Noble, "shall we discriminate between fantastic and extravagant convictions, and those delusive ideas which mark the presence of notional insanity? This question demands a few remarks in detail. A man of education and talent believes in clairvoyance, having confidence that mesmeric somnambulists can tell what is going on in distant regions, predict events, and see through opaque substances; or an instructed physician holds that substances, inert unless taken in large quantities, will cure diseases if administered in doses of inconceivable, impossible minuteness. Are such persons deranged? And if not, why is an individual deemed to be so, who entertains the groundless conviction that he is under the surveillance of police, or that he is the anticipated victim of some hostile conspiracy; the mesmeric and homœopathic convictions being much less rational?" Now we are not at all concerned to defend the mesmeric and the homœopathic theories; but we are sure that the truth will not be ascertained by any such misrepresentation of them. What we wish to call Dr. Noble's attention to is this, that he is laying himself open to that identical accusation to which he considers the mesmerists and the homœopaths are liable. Mesmerism does not pretend that a clairvoyant can "see through an opaque substance." It asserts that the mind in the mesmeric sleep possesses a *new faculty*, having nothing to do with the organ of sight, and by which it becomes cognisant of the existence or appearance of the objects in question. The statement as to homœopathy implies that its principle is, that a substance inert to cure diseases unless in a large quantity, will cure the same when taken in infinitesimal doses. Far from it; its principle is, that it will cure totally different diseases. A homœopathist, in a cross humour, might fairly retort the accusation, and question Dr. Noble's "notional sanity." He might say, "How can an able and honourable man, and an instructed physician, so misrepresent an opponent's opinion, if he has the full use of his reason? How can he be so irrational as to presume that he has ascertained the utmost extent of the

The following paragraphs will give an idea of its mode of describing the "debatable ground" which lies between moral responsibility and irresponsibility :

" I must now touch upon a subject of considerable importance, which involves this inquiry : Does disordered emotion, dependent upon pathological states, of itself constitute insanity? and, further, Is an individual, under such circumstances, irresponsible for criminal acts? Is there, in fact, a *moral* insanity without intellectual error, as taught by Esquirol, Prichard, and some others?"

Dr. Noble then gives two remarkable instances, the first of the two being one which came under his own observation :

" Mr. R., aged forty-one, of a sanguine nervous temperament, a married man, and father of several children, the youngest being but two months old, exhibited the following symptoms, first experienced in a slight degree five years prior to my seeing him, and having, since then, become much aggravated. There was partial paralysis of motion upon the left side, displaying under ordinary circumstances the customary phenomena; but there was this peculiarity, that, although volition was comparatively powerless, any external impression of an unusual character, by provoking, as it were, consensual or emotional reaction, would give effect to the voluntary intention. For example, when the affected arm was raised by another to a certain height, the patient by his will was unable to elevate it still more; but if the hand were smartly struck, or even blown upon, either by himself or by another, movement of a prompt character would at once ensue, and that, too, in conformity with the volitional effort. Upon further inquiry, it appeared that appropriate excitation of the emotional as well as the sensational sensibility was capable, in like manner, of leading to the realisation of an effort vainly made by the simple will; thus, by accomplishing an incipient run, or trot, by aid of some emotional excitement, he could go on by voluntary effort. He stated, on the case being proposed, that if a hundred-pound note were suddenly placed before him, and he were told that on seizing it, he should have it as his own, he was sure that he should successfully grasp it, however paralysed he might be. Mr. R. stated that, when in health, he had

divisibility of matter, and assert that the homœopathic portion of a grain of calomel is an *impossible* quantity?" In another passage (p. 159) he calls the decillionth of a grain "practically an impossible, and philosophically an inconceivable, quantity." An ill-natured adversary might illustrate his view of mental disease, by laughing at Dr. Noble for using certain words not in their right meanings; saying "philosophically inconceivable" of a thing because of its smallness, when it is just as *conceivable* philosophically as a decillion of miles, or even of grains. The *eye* cannot *perceive* any thing so small as the decillionth of a grain, nor can it take in any thing so numerous or vast as a decillion of grains or miles. But both are as *conceivable* as a single grain or a single mile. As we have said, we have no vocation to defend or to attack homœopathy; but, like every one else, we have an interest in seeing the principles of medical science discussed with perfect fairness.



excellent control over the emotions, but that now their influence was quite paramount, and that movements expressive of sensibility were provoked by the most trifling circumstance. On further questioning him, it appeared that in the matter of laughing and crying he exhibited habitually the hysterical condition. In early life Mr. R. had been what is called a free liver."

The second exemplifies the contrary state of things; the will and conscience remaining, and the affections being deadened. It is quoted from Dr. Reid's *Essays on Nervous Affections*:

"A curious and interesting case fell some time ago under my professional observation of a new species of paralysis, a palsy of the heart, a sudden congelation of the affections. Although by no means deficient in natural feeling, the patient could now, as she said, see without emotion every one of her family lying dead at her feet. She continued to be influenced by an anxiety to do what was right; almost the only sense, indeed, that seemed to be left to her was an abstract sense of duty."

On these and similar cases Dr. Noble remarks:

"For deciding absolutely upon the degree of moral responsibility remaining in this class of cases, no general precepts can be laid down. I will adduce, however, certain facts and considerations which have a practical bearing upon the question, and which may aid in the formation of a judgment in dealing with particular instances.

"When disordered emotion is the consequence of changes purely pathological, accountability for actions, I presume, is lessened to the full extent of the conquest which morbid passion obtains over the will. Tuberculosis, and other such perversions of nutrition, affecting the encephalon; certain inflammatory states, and vitiated blood; diseases of the viscera, and of the reproductive organs especially, acting sympathetically, will, any of them, under some circumstances, develop morbid states of the emotional sensibility. But in a great many instances there is almost insurmountable difficulty in determining whether such conditions have a physical or moral origin. And, as I have already remarked, there are persons who practically disregard the distinction, and who recognise all uncontrollable—or, indeed, uncontrolled—passion, as a species of insanity that acquits from responsibility. But let us consider this point a little more closely. Every crime has its source in some of the passions; these, immediately anterior to the overt act, may always be said, in a sense, to have mastered the will. But how often is this mastery a voluntary surrender? We will trace the several stages of a moral struggle. An idea starts up in the mind, such as is fitted by its nature for operating in a vicious sense upon feeling; it may be a thought of lust, or of revenge. A very moderate exercise of the will may at once dissipate it. If it be retained, volun-

tarily or permissively, in the consciousness, intense feeling—passion—originates an impulse to act; but passion, in its first stage, only *solicits*, and it is readily subdued by an earnest purpose. The wicked thought returns, it is dwelt upon with complacency; passion takes a higher degree, and all but *exact*s a surrender. Even in these circumstances, the will, vigorously exerted by just means, may effectually resist. But an individual lapses, and he relapses; and, finally, vicious ideas voluntarily entertained, courted, and sought after, stimulate passion until it may be said to *force* its victim. But shall we always see insanity—moral insanity—in passion exalted to highest degree? Ought not every one to be held accountable, not only for his vicious habits voluntarily initiated, but in great measure also for their well-understood consequences? Yes, even though amongst these latter some possible pathological change in the brain should have place.

“Whatever be the predominance of emotional disturbance in those instances which we feel compelled to regard as insanity, I feel myself convinced that perversion of ideas, more or less, is almost always its associate. Indeed, in the opinion of some writers, derangement of thought is always an essential feature. Certainly this latter characteristic will very often for long periods be without manifestation, so far as words go; but yet its existence be very reasonably inferred from some extravagance in the manner and conduct. The explanation sometimes comes out quite accidentally.

“Although, in some of his later writings, Esquirol admits the occasional occurrence of emotional insanity without any unsoundness of intellect, he was unable to verify it to his own satisfaction for the greater part of his career. This is a fact sufficiently suggestive of the extreme rarity of such cases, when we consider the immense experience and the philosophical acumen of that distinguished observer. ‘Does there really exist,’ says he, ‘a form of insanity in which patients who are attacked by it preserve their reason in its full integrity, whilst they abandon themselves to the most reprehensible conduct? Is there a pathological state in which a man is drawn irresistibly to an act repugnant to his conscience? I think not.’”

This last remark from the distinguished French physician is obviously of the highest importance both in the legal and the spiritual treatment of the really or the apparently insane. At the same time there cannot be any doubt that, in numerous cases of actual insanity, the same *bewilderment* of the reasoning powers must take place which accompanies scrupulosity, and certain other temptations in the minds of the very soundest characters. The physical condition of the body, or the incursion of ideas from without, sometimes throws the clearest judgment into a temporary puzzle, that very puzzle constituting the very force of the temptation, and requiring a more than



usual discretion both in the sufferer and in his adviser, in order to prevent any mischief ensuing. Dr. Noble considers that in cases where it is difficult to ascertain the real state of a patient's mind, the surest test is found in his letters. When words and actions give no satisfactory clue, his letters will often betray the whole truth.

"Some years ago," says Dr. Noble, "I had to deal with a young man, about twenty-one years of age, who, for some weeks before I saw him, had become reserved, disdainful, and totally changed in general disposition. No perversion of ideas was apparent. Attempts to gain an elucidation of the circumstances were made in vain. Still the intuitive good sense of those about him suggested that he could not be in his right mind. Accident at length brought out the fact. This youth, the son of a publican, believed himself to have the Queen Adelaide for his true mother; and was reasonably indignant—the premises being conceded—that he should, even for a time, be deprived of his birthright. The draft of a letter to his supposed parent was left open upon his table; this was read by his friends, and his eccentricities became explained. I have sometimes thought that the royal name of Charles Stuart, which the young man bore, might have had something to do with the direction which the delusion took in this instance."

We do not attempt to follow our author through all the chapters of his book, their details being sometimes too purely medical, and sometimes too painful, from the nature of the subject, to be interesting to the general reader; but the whole will well repay the study of all who take any peculiar interest in the question. We quote, however, a few of his conclusions as to the curability of this dreadful malady, which are worth every one's reading:

"First, as regards sex, it is the generally-received opinion that with women the expectations of recovery are greater than with men; an opinion which statistical tables, for the most part, support, and one in which my own experience leads me to coincide. In reference to age, the curability is commonly considered to be great in proportion to the youth of the patient. Esquirol fixes the ages between twenty and thirty as the periods of life when insanity is most amenable to treatment.

"The general result of statistics is to show that, in large hospitals for the insane, about forty-five per cent of those admitted leave cured, the remainder either quitting the establishments or dying still deranged; and that, in private asylums, about fifty-four per cent leave cured. This more favourable result, I apprehend, is attributable to several circumstances; the patients are of a higher class, and, as a rule, presumably in better bodily condition; then they come under treatment, generally speaking, at an earlier

period ; and, again, the numbers being limited, greater care and attention can be given to the particular circumstances of individual patients.

“ Esquirol has embodied the circumstances of prognosis in a series of concise aphorisms, which I will here introduce, and with them close the present chapter. I believe them to be substantially sound and well-considered, like every thing else that has emanated from that distinguished authority.

‘ Imbecility and idiocy are incurable.

‘ Monomania and melancholia are curable when they are recent and accidental, and when they do not depend upon organic lesion.

‘ Mania is more frequently cured than monomania and melancholia.

‘ Acute dementia is cured sometimes, chronic dementia very seldom, senile dementia never.

‘ Hereditary insanity is curable ; but relapses are more to be feared than with accidental insanity.

‘ Chronic insanity is cured with difficulty, especially after the second year ; it is cured with the greater difficulty the longer the causes have been in operation prior to the outbreak.

‘ Of however long standing the mental alienation may be, a cure may be hoped for, so long as there exists some notable derangement in the functions of nutrition.

‘ If moral causes have acted promptly (in the production of insanity), the circumstance is favourable to recovery ; but if their action has been slow, a cure is effected with difficulty.

‘ When excessive study has caused insanity, there is much fear that a cure will not be accomplished, especially if there has been corresponding irregularity in the diet and regimen.

‘ Insanity caused by, or associated with, religious ideas, or pride, is seldom cured.

‘ Insanity associated with hallucinations is very difficult to cure.

‘ Insanity in which patients reason readily upon their own condition offers many difficulties, if it is not speedily cured.

‘ When insane patients have recovered their general health, appetite, sleep, flesh, &c., without diminution of the intellectual disturbance, there is little expectation of cure.

‘ When the sensibility of insane patients is so weakened that they can look steadily at the sun, have lost taste, smell, and are insensible to all inconveniences, they are incurable.

‘ Insanity is incurable when it is the sequel of a scorbutic or epileptic attack ; the complication with these maladies, and with paralysis, leads inevitably to death.’ ”

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## BESTE'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

*The Wabash, or Adventures of an English Gentleman's Family in the Interior of America.* By J. Richard Beste, Esq. London, Hurst and Blackett. 1855.

THIS book has been favourably received by the public and the critics, and we have great pleasure in adding our testimony to the correctness of their verdict. Had our space permitted, we would have given an earlier notice to this work of a fellow-Catholic, whose creditable contribution to the literature of the season should serve as an incentive to others to imitate his example. We should be glad to have more frequent occasion to record the appearance of English Catholics in the field of general literature. We hold that every Catholic who distinguishes himself in any art or science, in any trade or profession, or in any department of the republic of letters, does good service not only to his country but to his fellow-Catholics, and is deserving of the special support and approbation of the organs of Catholic opinion. The fact is (such is the power of prejudice) that until a Catholic has obtained some reputation for ability and character unconnected with his religion, his most powerful efforts in defence either of the religious or civil rights of Catholics have no influence upon the mind of the nation, which simply refuses either to read or listen to his statements; while one who has obtained recognition as an historian, like Lingard, as a lawyer, like Butler, or as a poet, like Moore, stands already on a platform from which he can make his voice heard whenever a grievance requires redress, or an attack requires to be repelled. And there is no doubt that we have amongst us at this moment many—whether we refer to the eminent naturalist, whose style has charmed, while his observations have instructed thousands; or to the physician, who having founded his fame on a work which has made science popular and philosophy attractive, has more recently bestowed on us valuable inventions of practical and domestic utility; or to the genial artist, whose keen humour and happy fancy have illustrated a thousand shades of life and character, without ever soiling the purity of the most sensitive or lowering the elevation of the most generous mind;—there are many, we repeat, whose advocacy or remonstrance on a question of Catholic rights would meet with a more favourable reception and make a more powerful impression than any thing of equal merit that might be ushered

forth in the name of the collective Catholic nobility of England.

But if this be true of success obtained in any other calling, it is still more strikingly exemplified in the case of those who establish a reputation in general literature. For there are few books on miscellaneous subjects written by Protestants which are not disfigured by the ignorance or prejudice of the author on the subject of Catholicity; while it is almost impossible for an educated Catholic to write a book which, besides the negative virtue of freedom from these stains, shall not directly or indirectly counteract some absurd impression or refute some preposterous slander.

These considerations naturally heighten the pleasure with which we welcome Mr. Beste's work as one of the most truthful, readable, and entertaining books of travel which for some time has been laid upon our table.

The "Wabash," in which word Mr. Beste epitomises the adventures of an English gentleman's family in the interior of America, is a title which we fear will sound as mysterious to many of our readers as we confess with shame it did unto ourselves. The variety of speculations provoked by this title go some way to justify by themselves the publication of the book. For the "Wabash" is not an Indian wigwam, nor the Backwoodsman's vernacular for a buffalo; it is not the Sioux or Pawnee for a tomahawk; and it is not intended to suggest adventures like Captain Mayne Reid's *Scalphunters*, nor Fenimore Cooper's *Nathaniel Bumppo*. The Wabash is an American river, which, rising in the state of Ohio, flows in a westerly direction across the whole breadth of the state of Indiana, till it reaches the soil of Illinois, when turning to the south it forms the boundary between the two latter states, till it reaches the Ohio at a point some hundred miles above the junction of that river with the Mississippi. The junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi will have a place in the memory of many of our readers as the site of the great city of Cairo, which, while it was yet under water, some quarter of a century back, was the property and one of the favourite possessions of a great Catholic capitalist and speculator, whose predictions in its regard as the future capital of America, and emporium of the new world, have not yet been fulfilled.

We have said that the very title of the book justified its publication by revealing to us the ignorance under which we laboured. But not only is the scene somewhat new; in the composition, circumstances, and motives of the travelling party we have an agreeable departure from routine. The party consisted of the author and his wife and eleven children, varying



from two to nineteen years. The motives of the journey Mr. Beste shall explain for himself:

“The reader must become acquainted with my children. It was for those boys that we were about to undertake the voyage to America. From the time of the birth of my second son I had determined that emigration to the Backwoods would be the happiest lot for all of them during my life; for all, but the eldest, after me. Fond of a country life myself, I had resolved that the chances of happiness were greater to young men who (first endowed with classical education such as is given in Europe) should occupy lands of their own in the New World, and see their children grow up around them to a similar lot, than they would be to the same young men if harnessed to any of the professions in England, through which they perhaps might, by the time they were sixty, earn a competence on which to marry and breed up another race of aspiring paupers. Right or wrong, this had been my settled conviction through life; and we would now take an opportunity of visiting the country with them, and of becoming acquainted with their future home while our daughters were not old enough to require our residence elsewhere.”

Mr. Beste has had able auxiliaries in his task. He has borrowed largely from the journals kept by his daughters at his desire; and certain it is that one of the principal charms of the book is due to these clever and natural records of impressions made on youthful minds among scenes so trying, and persons and incidents so novel.

“I make no apology for giving these frequent extracts from the records of my children. These pages profess to recount the impressions and adventures of a family in a new country. Those impressions can be best conveyed in the language of the several members of the party. Let me not be told that the observations of my children are trivial: trivial observations, such as might escape the notice of the censorious reader or of myself, best show the every-day habits and life of those upon whom they are made. Great historians may write down the great deeds of sovereigns, and heroes may write history as it has been delivered down to us; but for want of the records of a different class of observers, how little do we know of the manners and feelings of the people of those very times of which we fancy that we have learned the history! I have undertaken to write the history of a family, during a few, to it eventful months. I appeal to the sympathy of the reader under no false pretences. I myself know, that by following the little adventures of that family, he will acquire a more intimate knowledge of the people amongst whom they occur than he could gather from whole volumes of professedly descriptive research: but if his pride revolts from such a means of acquiring information; if he cannot be taught out of the mouths of babes and sucklings; if he cannot suffer little children to

come unto him, and feel an interest in their brotherly love, and in the sorrows of their mother, in the unwonted toils and troubles heroically borne by all,—let him at once close this volume. It is written by no congenial spirits, and I warn him that it will not contain any thing suited to his superior intellect.”

As a reward for his frankness and confidence in the public, Mr. Beste now finds his book read with general interest; while many a writer who, shrouded in his impersonality, has carefully intrenched his dignity against the familiarity of his readers, finds himself and his lucubrations equally unnoticed and unknown.

The *Wabash* opens with a description of the family life at Talence, near Bourdeaux; but, in order to reach New York, it was found most convenient to sail from Havre. The trajet was effected on board the *Kate Hunter*, with three hundred and sixty German emigrants. Landing with a large family and a great amount of luggage is in any country an unpleasant business. The first whom we encounter are the Irish, of whom we receive an unfavourable account:

“ Meanwhile I had received my first impression, which every subsequent week confirmed, that the Irish servants and porters—(and none but Irish fill such offices in the hotels)—that such servants and porters were the nuisance of the United States. Despised by the Americans, themselves despising the blacks, with their bellies full for the first time in their lives, insolent in their looks, extortionate in their demands, oaths in their mouths, free from all restraint of neighbourhood or parish priest, beggars upon horseback, they ride full tilt to . . . . Enough for the present. I would commit them to their clergy and the treadmill.”

This last sentence, we must add, does its writer little credit. At Buffalo, however, a more pleasing trait is recorded:

“ I discovered that Buffalo was the seat of a bishop, and contained four English and Irish, one French, and two German Catholic churches. I made my way to St. Patrick's—then the largest church—though a magnificent cathedral was being raised near it. The building was crowded almost to suffocation. The congregation appeared very respectable; all were very clean and well-dressed. Yet I was told that almost all were Irish emigrants, escaped from starvation and forced idleness at home. I lingered about the door as the congregation went in and came out; yet amongst three thousand of Irish, not one asked for alms.”

The river and the rail having conveyed our travellers from New York to Buffalo and the shores of Lake Erie, they visit the Falls of Niagara and embark on a lake steamer, and landing at Sandusky city, proceed by railway to Cincinnati, a distance of four hundred and fifty-eight miles. The journey



from Buffalo cost three dollars, or 12s. 6d. a head, "state saloons, bride's-room, eating on board, and first-class railway—all included." The Americans are a locomotive race.

*A propos* to Cincinnati, we extract a passage from one of the young ladies' journals, containing a truth too much to be regretted:

" 'It was with no feelings of regret that we quitted this very disagreeable place, and set off in the cars for Cincinnati, the queen city of the west, and one of the few towns in the United States of America which English people know, or care to know, any thing about. Indeed, since our return to the "old country," I have been surprised and disappointed at the utter want of interest displayed by our country people on the subject of America. They seem to consider North America as a great desert, in which there are five or six large towns, such as New York, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore. As to South America, it is another large desert, peopled with parrots and monkeys, and containing silver-mines . . . . . Of the government and constitution of the country, every state of which is as large as all England and Scotland, and has independent laws and a president of its own—of all this they know nothing—it is Hebrew to them.' "

Even concerning Cincinnati we question if many of our readers were aware of the facts, that its population in 1850 was 116,000; that it has eleven daily and twenty-five weekly newspapers; sixty churches, of which twelve are Catholic; and that during the season of twelve weeks four hundred thousand hogs are slaughtered and packed for exportation.

" The Jesuits have a large establishment at Cincinnati. St. Xavier's College is under their direction, and gives education in the classics, modern languages, chemistry, and natural history, to about two hundred and fifty students, including boarders and day-scholars. I heard a very good account of the establishment, though I had afterwards reason to believe that the influx of day-scholars of every religion and class in the town, and whose numbers equal those of the regular boarders, acts prejudicially upon the Catholic youth, who would wish to pursue their education more steadily and quietly. But in this country the education of all the first classes of Protestants seems to be intrusted to the Catholic priests and nuns. The lads are sent to Jesuit and other colleges, the girls to convents. The parents say that their children are better taught and better looked after than they would be in any other schools: the teachers say that they do not interfere with the religious opinions of the non-Catholic pupils; and that, without such indiscriminate admission of all, they would not be able to support their establishments. Three-fourths of the boarders in many convents are Protestants.

" The Protestant parents who gave me these accounts of the mode in which their children were being educated, generally inter-

rupted the conversation to laugh at the English parliament, which was then expending a whole session in passing what it called the 'Ecclesiastical Titles Bill,'—as if, said the Americans, it could matter to the state by what unrecognised names any number of citizens pleased to call themselves! The creation of a Cardinal Archbishop, they said, was a compliment to England, as they themselves were well pleased that Bishop Purcell had just been made Archbishop of Cincinnati; and they were inclined to join with American Catholics in considering that Rome slighted their country by not giving them an American cardinal."

Steaming down the Ohio to Maddison, and there taking the railway to Indianapolis, our travellers had so far sped successfully; and beyond the inconveniences of insolent porters, one or two attempted extortions, and the desertion of emigrants when engaged as servants, there had been little to complain of.

But at Indianapolis the tide turns. Public conveyances are not forthcoming, and the travels of the family are continued in a purchased waggon, drawn by two spirited steeds and driven by the author.

Inns closed, and the owners fled from cholera; inns kept by henpecked Irishmen, where beds and food have to be prayed and coaxed for from ill-tempered landladies; inns where a pie-dish and a towel are unwillingly conceded for washing, and breakfast peremptorily refused,—are features of the journey. Inns which are not inns, but to which the owners give that character in self-defence, lest they should be ruined by unlimited hospitality, which they would not withhold; inns kept by medical practitioners driving in their own cows, and themselves stabling their guests' horses, on account of the impossibility of keeping either men or women servants,—announce that we have entered a new world.

At Terre Haute, or Terry Hauty, as the natives call it, a rising town of 4000 inhabitants *upon the river Wabash*, the progress of the travellers is finally arrested. The father of the family and one of his sons are stricken with dangerous illness, and one fair child, a model of piety and patience, finds her last resting-place in an American grave-yard.

This six-weeks residence at Terre Haute, which occupies more than half the second volume, is the most interesting portion of the book; and it is impossible to read those scenes of family distress and truthful pictures of privation and suffering without lively sympathy.

For characteristic details of manners, and minute touches, which bring out fully the life and *entourage* of the dwellers in those districts, nothing better could be given. The



reader rises with the impression that he has been there himself, and has lived through the incidents so graphically described.

The return to Lake Erie is effected by the Wabash Canal, the property of English shareholders, to whom the men of Indiana made it over in lieu of their state bonds. That the canal was a difficult property to manage, and scarcely paid its own expenses, seemed to increase the pride of the men of Indiana, when contrasting their honourable conduct with that of the Pennsylvanian repudiators. Their assignment of the canal was a proof of their honesty; the worthlessness of the property assigned only established their reputation for smartness.

Having consigned three of his sons to the care of the Archbishop of Cincinnati for college education, Mr. Beste visits the great American lakes and the springs of Saratoga; and the book concludes with the voyage from New York to Liverpool, after chronicling the events of some four-months travel.

The general result of the narrative is, we think, to raise our estimate of American men, but also (alas that it should be so!) to qualify very materially our preconceived notions in favour of American women. On their conceit and affectation the author passes a sweeping censure :

“ ‘ Frank,’ he says, speaking of one of his own boys, and quoting from his daughter’s journal, ‘ was half an American already, writes Agnes; and was highly delighted with the idea of settling there. He declared that no sitting posture was so comfortable as swinging and balancing himself on the back legs of his chair, with his feet out of the window: and I have no doubt he would have enjoyed smoking and other American accomplishments. The next most comfortable posture of all was to sit with his feet on the table; or sideways in an arm-chair with his feet thrown over the arm and resting on the back of another chair. These dispositions and positions of his were admired and encouraged by no one so much as by a certain young lady who had picked him out for conquest. Though she was only twelve years old, she was already fully initiated in the arts of flirting and coquetting, and exercised them very desperately. Her first step was to make him cultivate a taste for Burgundy pitch, in which she at last succeeded.

‘ During our first walk with her and another friend of hers, the young ladies were constantly chewing something, which I afterwards discovered to have been Burgundy pitch. It was always in the mouth of these two rather elegant girls, who danced and played the piano and sang very well. They, more than once, offered me some of the tempting substance; but thanking them, I politely declined their offer; and excused myself by saying that it was not yet

the custom for European ladies to chew either tobacco or pitch. However, all the young ladies at Terre Haute, and, I suppose, all over America, chew Burgundy pitch, as the gentlemen chew tobacco. When the heat of the day was over, that is between eight and nine o'clock, we used often to go over to her house for half an hour. Her mamma would then ask her to sing and play on the piano; but she had never any voice until Frank added his entreaties.'

'One day,' writes Louie, 'Agnes and I were in a room, when she tapped at the door, and entered in rather an agitated state. 'Oh, dear!' she said, turned to Agnes and throwing herself down on the nearest chair, 'do you know whom I saw as I came along?'

"At that moment, Agnes was called away, and she and I were left *tête-à-tête*.

'Well, whom did you see?' I asked. 'Oh!—why—I saw somebody.'—'So I presume,' I replied coolly; for I did not admire the young lady's affected manner. 'Dear! can't you guess?' asked she, covering her face with her pocket handkerchief. 'Indeed I do not know whom you mean.' 'Well, now, I guess you do know; and you only say that to tease me!' 'If you do not like to tell me, I will not ask you any more about it.'

"After talking about other things for a little while, she drew a little paper packet from her pocket, and, opening it, showed me a book-marker, worked on cardboard, but very much prettier than one she had given Agnes the day before.

'Guess whom it is for?' said she. 'I have tried guessing enough for to-day; so you had better tell me,' I replied, smiling: my idea, from her manner, was that she intended it as a present to me; but, of course, I could not hazard such a guess. 'I'll tell you,' said she, lowering her voice to a whisper; 'it's intended for your brother Frank; but I saw him at the window as I was coming here, and it gave me such a turn,' she continued, sinking back in her chair, 'and I don't quite like to give it him.'

"A few days after, Frank held up his present to us in triumph.

"I quote these childish reminiscences because they appear to me characteristic of American women. The family of the young lady will laugh, as we all then did, at the remembrance of the flirtations of a boy and girl of fourteen and twelve years of age. But will any American deny that the manners of the little lady gave evidence that she would grow up all that the fondest father or husband could wish her to be? Was there not evidence of all the incipient conceit and affectation which Americans think so charming in their women? Whether it take the tone of sentimentality or indifference, the affectation is always there. The nasal whine, which Englishmen feel to be so revolting, is, I really believe, in great part, affected; the most commonplace observations are thought to be rendered touching and full of meaning when drawled forth at the rate of five words an hour in that languidly-sentimental or rigidly-precise twang. I have remarked on the excessive politeness of all American men to all females, whether in the saloons of steamers or



elsewhere ; I have remarked upon the elegant dress of the American women ; I have remarked upon the lounging and rocking-chairs in which they rock and fan themselves incessantly : but I have not remarked upon their care of their children on those occasions ; I have not remarked on any wish to inform their minds, shown by the books carried with them ; I have not remarked upon any endeavour to amuse and employ their fingers with fancy-work :—I have not remarked on these, because in no saloon throughout America did I ever see any female even momentarily employed with children, with books, or with needle-work. Let it not be said, that I came direct to the backwoods, and had no opportunity of forming an opinion. I came by fashionable steamboats and large towns ; and I so returned. I lingered at fashionable watering-places. Every where I saw the same listless, whining apathy, the same idleness and affectation of helpless fine-ladyism. Where an Englishwoman, of whatever class, would have had her embroidery-frame or her crochet-work, or even a novel, the American woman, whether rich or poor, had her rocking-chair and her fan, her simper and her sigh, her whine and her finery.

“ From what I saw of American women at Terre Haute, I believe much of this idleness to be affected. Here, at all events, I know that they work, and are obliged to work, in private. The marvel to me is that American men, who are so active-minded themselves, can admire such listless apathy in the other sex. That they do admire it, is proved by the fact that the women practise it. Certainly they have every right to please themselves :

‘ Non equidem invideo : miror magis :’

but I believe that few English travellers, who are won by the frank kind-hearted energy of the American men, do not turn disgusted from the lack-a-daisical conceit of their women.”

The difficulty of finding good servants has been a householder's complaint in all ages and all climes ; but in America it is impossible to rely upon having a servant at all. This is a constantly recurring grievance throughout the book ; and that so many instances should have happened in so short a time, and at so many places, is a proof of the generality of the fact.

But, however unpleasant it may be to Europeans to be always prepared to remove to an hotel, in consequence of the flight of their household, the causes which produce this state of things prevent our considering it an evil much to be regretted. Mr. Beste, indeed, notices the general well-being of the people, and the opportunities open to every one who will work of being his own master ; and though he recognises a little poverty as one of the wants of America, the general kindness and good-nature of Americans both to himself and to one another, to which he bears ample and willing testimony, is some compensation for nuisances of this kind. That the

two are closely connected we think there is little reason to doubt. It is, however, easy to perceive, that entire personal independence and absolute practical equality, not merely claimed in theory, but acted on as a thing of course, were not wholly suited to the taste of the English gentleman, whose praises of the black servants in the United States are bestowed liberally and with an emphasis very natural. Some of the little incidents he records are amusing enough to read of, though very likely we should have felt ourselves "run into" in similar circumstances as sharply as our traveller. One day, at Terre Haute, when he was very unwell,

"The waiter boy there again threw open the door and announced 'a gentleman.'

"A well-dressed labourer entered, and, without waiting for word or sign from me, seated himself upon a sofa opposite.

'You do not remember me, sir?' he asked. 'I do not.' 'But I knew you very well in England.' 'Did you?' 'Is not your name so and so?' 'It is.' 'Did not you live in Hampshire?' 'I did. Will you please to come to the point.' 'I used to see you very often at the Catholic church in Southampton.' 'Did you?' 'I used to be working in the docks there; but I thought it better to emigrate.' 'And what are you doing now?' 'I am working on the railway here. This is a fine country, sir. How do you like it?' 'Better than it likes me. I am very unwell.' 'Yes. A great many people are when they first come;' and he settled himself in his seat, put down his hat beside him, and wiped his forehead, with the evident intention of paying me a long visit.

'I am not well, Mr. Murphy; and I am afraid I can't entertain you,' I said. 'Oh, don't mention it. Sure we'll talk about old times in Hampshire.' 'Mr. Murphy, I am not well, and I must request you to leave me.'

"He stared as if doubting whether his ears had properly conveyed to him my impertinent insinuation.

'I am not well, Mr. Murphy; if I can do any thing for you, let me know, and I will attend to it when I am better.'

"He arose quickly; and muttering something implying that he would come and visit me again, left the room with a pitying expression, as if he knew that delirium only could account for my incivility.

"Dr. Read had been present; and though much amused, was shocked at my behaviour. In vain I tried to make him understand that such an one, in England, if he had come to any gentleman's house, would not have presumed to enter even the servants' hall, but would have waited in the courtyard while his message was being delivered. The American shook his head disapprovingly.

"Mr. Murphy was only another instance of an Irish emigrant in the novel predicament of feeling that he had enough to eat."

Here, again, some of the party are in contact with a dress-



making "lady," at a time too when sorrow had made them peculiarly indisposed for roughing it:

"Our mourning dresses," writes Louie, 'had been made up by a dressmaker who lived at some little distance. One evening Catherine and I walked there to fetch them home. We arrived at the cottage, and found a little girl in the kitchen. She ran up stairs to call her mother; and an ill-tempered, disagreeable-looking woman came down in a few minutes. Catherine said that we had come to fetch the dresses.

'And where's the money?' demanded the woman abruptly.

'If you will call at the Prairie House to-morrow morning,' replied Catherine, 'your bill shall be paid.'

'That won't do, I guess,' observed another woman who joined us. 'Pay the money, and you shall have the dresses.'

'I have not brought the money with me,' said my sister; 'but surely you can trust us for a single night.'

'Who knows,' said the first woman, 'but what you may be off before the morning?'

'We're not a-going to trust emigrant folks like you,' chimed in the second woman.

'Catherine reddened; but she smothered her anger, and said, 'We are too large a party to move so quietly that you should not hear of it. But are your people here such rogues that you suspect all travellers?'

'No, it's different with our own folks; but folks such as you!—'

"Here the dressmaker cast a contemptuous glance at us, as if we were something far below the worthy inhabitants of Terre Haute.

'Why, what in the world do you take us for,' said I, indignantly intruding into the conversation, 'that you think we are not as good as yourselves?'

'I guess you think yourselves so at least,' said the dressmaker, eyeing me from head to foot.

'Come,' said Catherine, who knew my rather excitable temper, and dreaded an explosion; 'come, my dear Louie, we must go home. Then you will bring the dresses and the bill to be paid to-morrow?' she continued, turning to the dressmaker.

'Well now, I guess you may as well take the walk as me, seeing that I have plenty else to do.'

'Very well,' said Catherine, quietly; 'we will bring the money to-morrow.'"

The vast immigration from Ireland, followed by a revulsion in popular feeling, and the great extension of the Know-nothing conspiracy, have greatly changed the prospects of Catholics in the United States since 1851. At the time of Mr. Beste's visit things were in a better state:

"Mention has often been made of Mr. Lalumière, the good

Catholic priest of Terre Haute. He was a mild, gentlemanly-mannered man; a Frenchman, I believe, by birth, or of French extraction, but educated in America, and a citizen at heart. He was respected in the town, and lived on good terms with every one, of whatsoever creed. The Protestants, of every denomination, were the principal supporters of his church; his own congregation being poor. In his garden, he told me, was a great bell waiting for a belfry to hang it in; and the Protestants had promised to build him a belfry if he would put up a good town-clock in it for the use of all. The clock was on its road to Terre Haute; and it was hoped by all that bell and clock would both be mounted before long.

"Four nuns, I know not of what order, lived in a house adjoining the church, and took in day-scholars, such as Miss Read. The people of the town had been long anxious to have Sisters of Mercy settled amongst them; and had engaged to build them a house and to provide for them so soon as the priest could procure them. These shrewd Protestant calculators were so convinced of the good effected by that sisterhood, that, without reference to differences of religious belief, they were prepared to welcome and support them. Will it be said that they were indifferent to all religion? if so, why were there five times as many churches, of various denominations, built and supported by voluntary contribution in Terre Haute as are to be found in any town of the same size in England?

"It has been already stated that all the best schools and colleges in the United States are in the hands of Catholics—either Jesuits or religious of other orders. It has been stated that the bulk of scholars at all these schools, convents, and colleges, are Protestants; that their religion is not tampered with by their teachers; but that they are received because the Catholics are too few to support exclusive establishments. In the towns, the majority of pupils are day-scholars—the children, therefore, of parents who have not time, as yet, to think of any religious creed for themselves or their offspring—the children of parents who have risen, or are rising, out of a state of labour, of toil, of traffic, of thrift, and of consequent domestic habits which ill qualify them to associate with the children of more refined classes or households.

"American colleges are considerably more expensive than the Catholic colleges of England."

On the great question of emigration Mr. Beste's views are stated in a sensible and well-reasoned chapter. A young Englishman, with 5000*l.* and no profession, who wishes to marry and to have the comforts of an independent home, cannot, he tells us, secure these in England, and maintain his position as a gentleman. Should he decide to emigrate, he is advised to reject Australia, Canada, and the slave-states, for the newly-settled free-states. We have not space to follow Mr. Beste through the details of the advice he gives the emigrant with respect to his land, but we cannot omit what



he says on the all-important topic, "whom to marry, and how to choose a wife:"

"The experience of all emigrants in every country asserts that the whole comfort and success of the undertaking depends upon the good-will and adaptability of the disposition of the wife. Let no one, therefore, attempt it, if he has an old or a young wife whose temperament, character, or caprice is opposed to his plans."

There are, as usual, three courses to pursue: shall he take a wife with him, or marry an American, or return and fetch a countrywoman? The third being rejected upon sufficient grounds, hear Mr. Beste upon the second:

"Marrying an American implies devoting himself to a perpetual colic; for the whining, pining, helpless, lackadaisical affectation of fine-ladyism, which the American sex appear to think so attractive, must act as a perpetual blister, or rather colic, upon any Englishman, when he remembers the frankness, heartiness, life, and nature of a well-born, well-bred Englishwoman, who has no position to affect or to strive for. No doubt all this that I object to in American females is only manner; they are loving, faithful, virtuous, thrifty wives, and most affectionate mothers. I merely describe their manners as they impressed me; if my would-be emigrant thinks them attractive, let him select his wife from amongst them."

In parting from Mr. Beste, and expressing our hopes of again meeting him in some other equally pleasant and genuine book, we must express our regret that he should have marred it by occasional passages which will find little sympathy with most good Catholics of the present day. What right has any Catholic to use such expressions as this, that vested interests give people "a right to be a nuisance, like Established Churches in all countries, from Rome to Ireland"? Such sayings only lead the reader to suspect the writer's religious sincerity. Nor is a book of travels exactly the place for a violent personal attack on the editor of the *Tablet* newspaper, whatever may be the intensity of Mr. Beste's dislike to Mr. Lucas,—a dislike in which we no more share than we do in the extreme admiration professed for him by others, quite as good men as Mr. Beste.

Our author has sufficiently high ideas of the difference between a gentleman who is an English landed proprietor and the vulgar herd: we submit to him, therefore, that needlessly to put into print such nasty particulars as he enters into in the "postscript" to one of his chapters, is by no means indicative of refinement and good taste. Nor, again, was it at all necessary to inform the reader of the exact number of pieces of plate which are in Mr. Beste's possession, nor of the number

of acres which he was cultivating by his bailiffs "in various counties of England." We trust he will take these remonstrances in good part; for he may rest assured that to sneer, though ever so slightly, on Catholic subjects, is not the way to conciliate sensible Protestants; and that it is not exactly well-bred to let out, however apparently incidentally, that we possess 784 silver spoons, forks, dishes, and so forth.

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### SYDNEY SMITH'S LIFE.

*Memoirs of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* By his Daughter, Lady Holland: with a Selection from his Letters, edited by Mrs. Austin. Longmans.

WE poor Catholics have a class of "friends" who "advocate our claims" in the spirit of a somewhat new reading of the old adage, *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*. We are a feeble and effete though noisy race of men, who, like a worthless house-dog, are to be silenced with a bone, when we shall become the most amiable of spaniels. While our enemies alternately exult over the extinction of Popery, and call for fresh fetters to chain it down, these worthy "friends" of ours are good enough to account us as simpletons, and harmless accordingly. They take the "statesmanlike" "unbigoted" view of us and our affairs, estimate the strength of our religious convictions by the weakness of their own political opinions, and settle the matter by deciding that we are a very worthy, honest, good-natured, easy-going generation, who love the Council of Trent and the Pope about as much as the Puseyites love the Presbyterian Kirk, or Lord Shaftesbury venerates the memory of Archbishop Laud. "Pay the fellows their demand" is the plain English of their arguments in favour of the Catholic claims, "and they'll be your humble servants for ever after."

The reverend and extremely witty Sydney Smith was long the coryphæus of this band of liberal Protestant politicians. His notion of a young Catholic nobleman or gentleman was that of a priest-ridden country booby, who had only to be admitted into Parliament to become instantly a frequenter of the London "hells," and a *roué* who would devote himself to the destruction of his own constitution, and leave the British constitution to enjoy its pure Protestant health undisturbed. We who live in these graver and more earnest days can hardly



recal the effect which this kind of advocacy really had on the popular mind of the last generation. *We* have no notion of being tolerated at the expense of our reputation for brains and honesty. We feel considerably irritated at the tone in which Sydney Smith vouchsafed to befriend us in his *Peter Plymley's Letters* and sundry articles in the *Edinburgh*. But, nevertheless, those productions undoubtedly did us good service; and, on the principle "let those laugh that win," we can well afford to laugh heartily, not only at the discomfiture of our adversaries, but at the jokes of Peter Plymley and other like "defenders of the faith." As for ourselves, we confess that there are few books that we enjoy half so much as those of the reverend joker, whose life has just been given to the world by his daughter, Lady Holland. When he argues perfectly seriously, either for or against a subject, we find him decidedly dull. His utter disbelief in any thing truly great, heroic, or supernatural in man, the intensity of his political partisanship, and the unpoetic and unimaginative character of his whole mind, unite to make him a very superficial thinker on many questions. But for wit absolutely delicious; for a union of causticity with good-humour, of hearty benevolence with a keen sense of the follies and infirmities of mankind, Sydney Smith has not left his equal behind him in the republic of miscellaneous literature.

His daughter's memoir will tend to raise the popular estimate of his personal character. His career was quite unchequered. *Faber fortunæ suæ*, as he delighted to call himself, he claimed no ancestral honours; his father was an eccentric and amusing man; his mother a beautiful woman, of French extraction; and himself and his brothers remarkable for their intellectual gifts: a party of noisy boys, "neglecting games, seizing every hour of leisure for study, and often lying on the floor stretched over their books, discussing with loud voice and most vehement gesticulation every point that arose, often subjects above their years, and arguing upon them with a warmth and fierceness as if life and death hung upon the struggle." Sydney was sent to Winchester School; became Fellow of New College, Oxford; and afterwards served a curacy on Salisbury Plain. Next he was engaged as travelling tutor to the son of the squire of the parish; but as the war at that time rendered continental travelling impossible, "in stress of politics, he put into Edinburgh," where he remained five years (in the course of which he married), and became acquainted with Jeffrey, Horner, Playfair, and other celebrities, in conjunction with whom he originated the *Edinburgh Review*, for which he proposed for a motto, "*Tenui musam medi-*

*tamur avenâ*—We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal;—but this was too near the truth to be admitted.”

“It requires,” he used to say, “a surgical operation to get a joke well into the Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather, that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which under the name of *wut*, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics, that they even make love metaphysically. I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, ‘What you say, my lord, is very true of love in the *abstract*, but—’ here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost.”

He afterwards came to London, where he delivered his famous lectures on moral philosophy; not, as he says, because he knew any thing about the subject, but because he wanted 200%. In time he was presented to the living of Foston, near York, where he dabbled in bricks and mortar, and built a parsonage; later in life he was preferred to a stall at Bristol, and a living near Taunton; in his latter years he exchanged his Bristol preferment for a canonry at St Paul’s.

Sydney Smith’s politics were those of the Whigs of the day. He was an uncompromising and stanch advocate of the Catholic claims, of the rights of prisoners, of the abolition of slavery, and of reform in general; and by his articles, pamphlets, and squibs, contributed in a most efficient way to the ultimate success of all these measures. His strongly-pronounced political opinions, without doubt, were the occasion of his not gaining the highest prizes of the Establishment, and even of his being left for several years to struggle with poverty; and for this his daughter claims for him an amount of high-mindedness which is certainly not requisite to account for his conduct. We have often seen men sacrifice their prospects for a mere whim; Sydney Smith sacrificed his prospects of the bench (if his wit would ever have wafted him thither) to his fame as a political reviewer, and to that necessity of speaking out, which is as important as fresh air to men of his temperament.

As a clergyman of the Establishment, Sydney Smith quite fulfils the ideal of that school which equally laughs to scorn the pretensions of mission which the Puseyite sets forth, and the claims of the Evangelical to an internal call; itself founding its sole claim on grounds of decency, order, kindness, philanthropy, and general utility. Of this type we are bound to say that Smith was a most respectable specimen. Never was there a parson who made his parishioners more comfortable; never did any one give them more shrewd and sensible advice,



or dose them to more purpose with blankets, bread, and physic. Never was there a more genial type of the rural moral policeman; but we should think never was there a man calling himself a clergyman more utterly oblivious of all supernatural motives of conduct than Sydney Smith. For instance, in vol. i. we have six pages of *Advice to Parishioners*, witty, sensible, striking; dissuasives from theft, from sitting in wet clothes, incivility, swearing, poaching, drunkenness, profligacy, in which the temporal motives for the conduct inculcated are stated in the tersest and most irresistible manner; but in which there is not an allusion to any higher motive than temporal well-being. His own ethics went on the same principles. His receipt for making every day happy is this: "When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature;" beautiful certainly to all the possible extent of natural beauty, but without an atom of supernatural religion. There is also something pleasant in seeing that the popular wit was not one who "hung up his fiddle when he got home." He is never more genial or funny than when in his little parsonage; and the *Edinburgh* reviewer contrived to be as much loved by his domestics as he was admired by his readers.

"He used to dig vigorously an hour or two each day in his garden, as he said, 'to avoid sudden death;' for he was even then inclined to *embonpoint*, and perhaps, as a young man, may have been considered somewhat clumsy in figure. . . . He spent much time in reading and composition; his activity was unceasing; I hardly remember seeing him unoccupied, but when engaged in conversation. . . . He began, too, on a small scale to exercise his skill in medicine, doing much good amongst his poor neighbours; though there were often ludicrous circumstances connected with his early medical career. . . . Another time he found all his pigs intoxicated; and, as he declared, 'grunting God save the king about the sty,' from having eaten some fermented grains which he had ordered for them. Once he administered castor-oil to the red cow, in quantities sufficient to have killed a regiment of Christians; but the red cow laughed alike at his skill and his oil, and went on her way rejoicing. . . . Immediately on coming to Foston, as early as the year 1809, he set on foot gardens for the poor; and subsequently Dutch gardens for spade-cultivation. . . . Then the cheapest diet for the poor, and cooking for the poor, formed the subjects of his inquiry; and many a hungry labourer was brought in and stuffed with rice, or broth, or porridge, to test their relative effects on the appetite."

Here we have him recounting his building operations, and setting up an establishment and an equipage:

"I then took to horse to provide bricks and timber; was advised to make my own bricks of my own clay; of course, when the

kiln was open, all bad ; mounted my horse again, and in twenty-four hours had bought thousands of bricks and tons of timber. Was advised by neighbouring gentlemen to employ oxen ; bought four—Tug and Lug, Hawl and Crawl ; but Tug and Lug took to fainting, and required buckets of sal-volatile, and Hawl and Crawl to lie down in the mud. . . . A man-servant was too expensive ; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a mile-stone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals : Bunch became the best butler in the county. . . . At last it was suggested that a carriage was much wanted in the establishment. After diligent search, I discovered in the back settlements of a York coachmaker an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat dilapidated, the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it ; nay (but for Mrs. Sydney's earnest entreaties), I believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior ; it escaped this danger, however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms : it grew younger and younger : a new wheel, a new spring : I christened it the *Immortal* ; it was known all over the neighbourhood ; the village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it ; but *Faber meæ fortunæ* was my motto, and we had no false shame."

"One day," says Lady Holland, "when we were on a visit at Bishopthorpe, soon after he had preached a visitation sermon, in which, amongst other things, he had recommended the clergy not to devote too much time to shooting and hunting, the Archbishop, who rode beautifully in his youth, and knew full well my father's deficiencies in this respect, said, smiling, and evidently much amused, 'I hear, Mr. Smith, you do not approve of much riding for the clergy.'—'Why, my lord,' said my father, bowing with assumed gravity, 'perhaps there is not *much objection*, provided they do not ride too well, and stick out their toes professionally.' Mr. M., a Catholic gentleman present, looked out of the window of the room in which they were sitting. 'Ah, I see, you think you will get out,' said my father laughing ; 'but you are quite mistaken : this is the wing where the Archbishop shuts up the Catholics ; the other wing is full of Dissenters.' Coming down one morning at Foston, I found Bunch pacing up and down the passage before her master's door in a state of great perturbation. 'What is the matter, Bunch ?'—'Oh, ma'am, I can't get no peace of mind till I've got master shaved, and he's so late this morning : he's not come down yet.' This getting master shaved, consisted in making ready for him, with a large painter's brush, a thick lather in a huge wooden bowl, as big as Mambrino's helmet, which she always considered as the most important avocation of the morning."

The said Bunch was a phenomenon among maids-of-all-work, and in her way quite worthy of her master :



"I was coming down stairs," says Mrs. Marcet, "when Mr. Smith suddenly said to Bunch, who was passing, 'Bunch, do you like roast duck or boiled chicken?' Bunch had probably never tasted either the one or the other in her life, but answered, without a moment's hesitation, 'Roast duck, please sir,' and disappeared. I laughed. 'You may laugh,' said he; 'but you have no idea of the labour it has cost me to give her that decision of character. The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and shrewdest in the world, but you can never get a direct answer from them; if you ask them even their own names, they always scratch their heads, and say, 'A's sur ai don't know, sir;' but I have brought Bunch to such perfection, that she never hesitates now on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? She has them by heart, and repeats them every day. 'Come here, Bunch (calling out to her); come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet;' and Bunch, a clean, fair, squat, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—'Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slamming, blue-bottle fly-catching, and curtsey-bobbing.' 'Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle fly-catching is.' 'Standing with my mouth open and not attending, sir.' 'And what is curtsey-bobbing?' 'Curtseying to the centre of the earth, please, sir.' 'Good girl! now you may go.' 'She makes a capital waiter, I assure you; on *state* occasions Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well; but he sometimes naturally makes a mistake, and sticks a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork.'"

Here is another of his household:

"You would not believe it," he said, "to look at him now, but D—— is a reformed Quaker. Yes, he quaked, or did quake; his brother quakes still: but D—— is now thoroughly orthodox. I should not like to be a Dissenter in his way; he is to be one of my vergers at St. Paul's some day. Lady B—— calls them my virgins. She asked me the other day, 'Pray, Mr. Smith, is it true that you walk down St. Paul's with three virgins holding silver pokers before you?' I shook my head, and looked very grave, and bid her come and see. Some enemy of the Church, some Dissenter, had clearly been misleading her.—'There now,' sitting down at the breakfast-table, 'take a lesson of economy. You never breakfasted in a parsonage before, did you? There, you see, my china is all white, so if broken can always be renewed; the same with my plates at dinner. Did you observe my plates? every one a different pattern, some of them *sweet articles*; it was a pleasure to dine upon such a plate as I had last night. It is true Mrs. Sydney, who is a great herald, is shocked because some of them have the arms of a royal duke or a knight of the garter on them; but that does not signify to me. My plan is, to go into a china-shop and bid them show me every plate

they have which does not cost more than half-a-crown ; you see the result. I think breakfasts so pleasant because no one is conceited before one o'clock.' Mrs. Marcet admired his ham. 'Oh,' said he, 'our hams are the only true hams ; yours are Shems and Japhets.' Some one, speaking of the character and writings of Mr. — : 'Yes, I have the greatest possible respect for him ; but, from his feeble voice, he always reminds me of a liberal blue-bottle fly. He gets his head down, and his hand on your button, and pours into you an uninterrupted stream of Whiggism in a low buzz. I have known him intimately, and conversed constantly with him for the last thirty years, and give him credit for the most enlightened mind, and a genuine love of public virtue ; but I can safely say that during that period I have never heard one single syllable he has uttered.' Mrs. Marcet complaining she could not sleep : 'I can furnish you,' he said, 'with a perfect soporific. I have published two volumes of sermons ; take them to bed with you. I recommended them once to Blanco White, and before the third page he was fast.'—'This is the only sensible spring I remember (1840) : it is a real March of intellect.' "

Nothing, again, could be more graceful than his manner of giving away the living of Edmonton, which in the usual course he would have bestowed on himself or on some relation, but which he bestowed on a personal stranger, the son of the old rector. We will let him describe the act in his own words :

"I went over yesterday to the Tates at Edmonton. The family consists of three delicate daughters, an aunt, the old lady, and her son, then curate of Edmonton ; the old lady was in bed. I found there a physician, an old friend of Tate's, attending them from friendship. They were in daily expectation of being turned out from house and curacy . . . I began by inquiring the character of their servant ; then turned the conversation upon their affairs, and expressed a hope the chapter might ultimately do something for them. I then said, 'It is my duty to state to you (they were all assembled) that I have given away the living of Edmonton ; and have written to our chapter-clerk this morning to mention the person to whom I have given it ; and I must also tell you that I am sure he will appoint his curate. (A general silence and dejection.) It is a very odd coincidence,' I added, 'that the gentleman I have selected is a namesake of this family ; his name is Tate. Have you any relations of that name ?' 'No, we have not.' 'And, by a more singular coincidence, his name is Thomas Tate ; in short,' I added, 'there is no use in mincing the matter, you are vicar of Edmonton.' They all burst into tears. It flung me also into a great agitation of tears ; and I wept and groaned for a long time. Then I rose, and said I thought it was very likely to end in their keeping a buggy, at which we all laughed as violently.

"The poor old lady, who was sleeping in a garret, because she could not bear to enter into the room lately inhabited by her hus-



band, sent for me and kissed me, sobbing with a thousand emotions. The charitable physician wept too. I never passed so remarkable a morning, nor was more deeply impressed with the sufferings of human life, and never felt more thoroughly the happiness of doing good."

This whole scene is eminently characteristic of Sydney Smith. We do not mean to say a word against the kind-hearted old man for getting up this tragi-comic scene, but no one can deny that it shows him in the character of an epicure, enjoying the pleasurable emotions resulting from kind actions; like a good cook, who knew how long to keep the meat in torture before the fire, in order to extract its full flavour. We do not quarrel with him for doing his good works in his own genial and graceful manner; rather we gladly own that his method is the perfection of human charity and good nature, quite compatible with religion, if religion happens to exist in the heart; but also, on the other hand, quite compatible with the entire absence of all supernatural motives of conduct. Sydney Smith's good nature and geniality was of that kind which mocks at the heroism of self-inflicted penances. He quite agreed with Luther, that it was superfluous to reconsider one's past life in the bitterness of one's soul. He ridiculed "Methodists" for their anxiety about their salvation. He abhorred poverty, and was convinced that happiness was increased with every guinea added to one's income. He had the same dislike to young ladies being taught to be indifferent to their personal beauty. The motives of the monk or the nun must have been quite a mystery to him. He reminds us of an old gentleman who was once sitting next to us, in St. Peter's at Rome, on a feast-day. As the procession was passing before us, he asked who a certain man in a white habit might be; we answered it was the Abbot of La Trappe. "Madman!" our friend muttered. We, who had seen the old gentleman in Catholic society, and supposed that he was a Catholic, ventured to suggest that, in condemning the worthy abbot, he was condemning St. John the Baptist also—"and I think," he rejoined, "that John the Baptist was the greatest madman of them all." And, on Sydney Smith's principles, and, in fact, on the principles of popular Protestantism, so he was; as they sing or say in the words of one of their hymn-books,

"Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less."

As a serious writer and talker, his daughter tries to persuade us that his wisdom was the most striking quality which characterised his performances. As we have already implied,

we are of a different opinion. We have tried his sermons, but found them unreadable; and in his lectures we were more struck with his happiness of illustration and his common sense than with any profundity of thought or originality of view. His genius lies in graceful buffoonery and easy wit; he has the animal spirits of fifty kittens. Take the following specimen of his conversation:

"Some one mentioned that a young Scotchman was going to marry an Irish widow double his age and of considerable dimensions: 'Going to marry her,' he exclaimed, 'impossible! you mean a part of her; he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case not of bigamy but of trigamy: the neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her! it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her; or give an assembly with her; or perhaps take your morning's walk round her, always providing there were frequent resting-places, and you were in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the riot-act and disperse her; in short, you might do any thing with her but marry her."

His practical jokes were full of the same pleasant buffoonery. Lady —— said that the only thing wanting to make his place at Combe Florey perfect was deer. So he had two donkeys dressed up in stag's antlers, and driven to a rising ground before his windows: when he called her ladyship's attention to them, asking her to excuse their long ears, "a little peculiarity belonging to parsonic deer."

Concerning the climate of Devonshire, he said that his Scotch friends complained of its being too enervating; "but they are but northern barbarians, after all, and like to breathe their air raw; we civilised people of the south like it cooked."

The second volume, which consists solely of letters, abounds in the same characteristics. He is quite a study of a man studious of incongruities, absurd by rule and line, talking nonsense according to fixed types, and keeping his witticisms neatly corked up and labelled in their own barrels, ready to be tapped at will. A wit-naturalist might classify his good sayings into one or two strongly-marked species and genera; an Aristotle would reduce his humour into a singularly small number of *τοποι*, or commonplaces.

For instance: he comforts an Arcto-maniac who had been disgusted with Jeffrey for damning the North Pole, by telling him that the said Jeffrey had been heard even to speak disrespectfully of the equator. He informs Lady Holland that



he had ruined her reputation with Elmsley by telling him that she spoke disparagingly of the Greek verbs. He complains of Luttrell for speaking too lightly of veal-soup;—and so on.

Again, he cures his gout, not once, but many times, by presenting his toe to the autumn crocus (*colchicum*) growing in his garden. He takes out pretty young ladies to rose-bushes in bud, and asks them to smile upon the flowers to force them into bloom, &c.

Then there is the parsonic commonplace; a specimen of which we have given in the parsonic deer, and fifty others. In fact, he cannot originate a joke without making several companions to it after its image and resemblance. Whatever he jokes about, whether Luttrell's soup-and-patty face, or Jeffrey's sore throat, which must remain sore while so much port-wine goes down it and so many words leap up it, always makes at least a double appearance. Still it is all spontaneous and genuine.

In consequence of this property of Sydney Smith's conversation we can recommend the present volumes to those who wish to study the art and mystery of whimsicalities. We will not encourage any one to hope that he may become as brilliant an inventor of nonsense as the Canon of St. Paul's; but if he has any head for classification, he may by a little diligence supply himself with so many commonplaces of absurdity, that he may generally succeed in giving a whimsical turn to the most serious conversation,—an art which might be introduced with great effect into the majority of the *salons* of our slow English society. These volumes are a well-furnished magazine for the illustration of a work which we desiderate, and which we may call the rhetoric of small-talk.

It remains only to give a few specimens of his letters, the best of which are addressed to Lady Holland and Lady Grey, to whom he poured forth his whole soul. He seems to have had a natural talent for making himself agreeable to great people, and could soon establish himself on the most intimate and affectionate terms with them; at any rate, to these ladies he utters his choicest whimsies, and often writes to them evidently with no other purpose than to make them laugh. Hearing that Lady Holland was indisposed at Cheam, he says, "Cheam was built (as it is now ascertained) by Chemosh, the abomination of the Moabites." "I have suffered no damage in corn or hay; several Dissenters have suffered in our neighbourhood." December and January are "seasons when I should prefer to go in a bottle, corked and sealed." "It is in vain that I study the subject of the Scotch Church; I have heard it ten times over from Murray, and twenty times

from Jeffrey; and I have not the smallest conception what it is about. I know it has something to do with oatmeal; but beyond that I am in utter darkness." "The gout is the only enemy that I do not wish to have at my feet." "Of all the saints I hate La Trappe the most; I believe he has been canonised." "There is a report that the curates are about to strike, that they have mobbed several rectors, and that a body of bishops' chaplains are coming down by the railroad to disperse them." "After a vertigo of one fortnight in London, I am undergoing that species of hybernation, or suspended vitality, called a pleasant fortnight in the country. I behave myself quietly and decently, as becomes a corpse, and hope to regain the rational and immortal part of my composition about the 20th of this month." "Do you know any body" (he says) "who would go out professor to a Russian university?—about 800*l.* a-year, coals and candles gratis, and travelling expenses allowed if sent to Siberia."

To Jeffrey he writes some very good advice:

"I do protest against your increasing and unprofitable scepticism. I exhort you to restrain the violent tendency of your nature for analysis, and to cultivate synthetical propensities. What is virtue? what's the use of truth? what's the use of honour? what's a guinea but a d—d yellow circle? The whole effort of your mind is to destroy. Because others build slightly and eagerly, you employ yourself in kicking down their houses, and contract a sort of aversion for the more honourable, useful, and difficult task of building well yourself."

On Horner's early popularity he says:

"The world do not dislike originality, liberality, and independence, so much as the insulting arrogance with which they are almost always accompanied."

After pointing out some blunders to Jeffrey:

"I like to tell you of these things, because you never do so well as when you are humbled and frightened; and if you could be alarmed into the semblance of modesty, you would charm every body; but remember my joke against you about the moon;—'D—n the solar system! bad light—planets too distant—pestered with comets—feeble contrivance—could make a better with great ease.'"

To Lady Holland:

"Did Louis XVI. die heroically, or did he struggle on the scaffold? Was that struggle (for I believe there was one) for permission to speak, or from indignation at not being suffered to act for himself at the last moment, and to place himself under the axe? I don't believe the Abbé Edgeworth's 'Son of St. Louis, *montez au ciel!*'—it seems necessary that great people should die with



some sonorous and quotable saying. Mr. Pitt said something not intelligible in his last moments: G. Rose made it out to be, 'Save my country, Heaven!' The nurse, on being interrogated, said that he asked for barley-water."

We must wind up with his own sequel to the story of the Edmonton curate:

"You have seen enough of my giving the living of Edmonton to a curate. The first thing the unscriptural curate does is to turn out his fellow-curate, the son of him who was vicar before his father. Is there not some story in Scripture of the debtor who had just been excused his debt seizing his fellow-servant by the throat, and casting him into prison? The bishop, the dean and chapter, and I have in vain expostulated; he perseveres in his harshness and cruelty."

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#### MAURICE ON CATHOLICISM AND CIVILISATION.

*The Religion of Rome, and its Influence on Modern Civilisation: Four Lectures.* By the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A. Cambridge, Macmillan.

MR. MAURICE here professes to develop the religious principle which was the one true and honest centre of the society of pagan Rome, which was effaced and corrupted by Greek importations and by the vices of the decline and fall, and was partially restored by the Germanic invaders of the empire; which again emerged to a new life in the Popedom under St. Gregory the Great and his successors; and which finally, having become utterly corrupted and lost, was in all its good features restored to the world by the Germanic Protestant Reformation.

This one principle, which, according to Mr. Maurice, underlies all the greatness of Rome, political or ecclesiastical, military or civil, pagan or papal, is the reverence for paternal authority. The Roman religion, pagan or papal, always owed its success, its hold on men's minds, to its recognition of this need of our nature,—to look up to a father.

"This common principle is the one which we found in the very cradle of Roman life, which appeared to strengthen with its strength, and became weaker with its weakness; the principle of the authority of the father, the principle of all social life as connecting itself with this, as unfolding itself out of this. . . . How is it that Wil-

liam (the Conqueror), who maintains his own will against the world, who does not submit to any practical interference with his dominion, nevertheless acknowledges that enormous claim of Hildebrand,—never thinks of disputing that there is such a father, to whom kings must bow? Evidently he feels that without such an authority, wherever it is lodged, the chain of mutual independence is broken. He can exact no homage unless he renders it. There must be some reserved authority beyond his own, spiritual and mysterious, but after all fatherly, or his own will be a tyranny, and be regarded as a tyranny.”

Such is the good in Roman religion; the evil, according to Mr. Maurice, consists in its making the paternal relation to be symbolical, not real; and in its allowing all sorts of debauchery to destroy the real family, in which the real earthly paternity is alone found. This evil was remedied by the Reformation; instead of the Pope, it gave us God and our immediate pastors; instead of the degradation of the family by the exaltation of celibacy and the monastic state above marriage, it gave wives to the clergy, and reasserted the old principle that the family, not the individual, is the real component unit of society; and by this reassertion it restored the purity and sanctity of domestic life, which had been utterly lost by the corruptions of Roman religion.

Mr. Maurice, it will be seen, walks in the steps of the French writers who defend the family against the attacks of the Socialists. As the French claim the family as the great work of the Catholic Church, so does Mr. Maurice set it down as the distinctive product of Protestantism. It is certainly a new line of defence for a Protestant controversialist to take; it is one, we should think, that originally he did not intend to use against Catholics, but only against Protestants. He knew that the most obvious principle of Protestants is opposition to the Catholic Church; so he rather dishonestly tries to prevent Protestants carrying out their other principles to their legitimate conclusions, by pretending that these conclusions are the very errors of Popery against which Protestantism was set up as a special antagonist. It is, indeed, something new to hear, not from a Puseyite, but from a “Broad-Church Christian,” that the work of the Reformation has been to set up a faith in authority which was extinguished by the corruptions of Roman doctrine.

Rome and Germany are here set up as the exponents and personifications of the two distinct and antagonistic expressions of the principle of paternal authority: Rome, of the formal symbolical view, which loses the substance in the shadow; Germany, of the substantial and natural view, which



recognises no fatherhood, where there is no transfusion of being, and which keeps the reality, and lets go the shadow. Germany is common sense, Rome symbol and mystery; Germany domestic, Rome public and ceremonial; Germany moral and pure, Rome impure and immoral.

This, we know, is a very popular view of the difference between Germanic and Celtic religions; but it is more popular than true. Ireland is Celtic and Catholic; yet he must be an audacious man who denies that the family bond is observed with greater purity there than in Sweden, which is Germanic and Protestant. Vienna, which is Germanic and Catholic, makes a worse figure than even Paris, which is Celtic and Catholic. England is a country which annuls marriages by act of parliament; and Protestantism is a religion whose founders introduced into Europe practices which the Catholic Church had banished for centuries—polygamy, and divorce with the permission to marry again. So much for the new sanctity with which the Reformation invested the family. Mormonism and Anabaptism are Protestant sects; we have no Agapemones in France or Italy. Where men are openly immoral in Catholic countries, it is in open hostility to religion; in Mahometan and Protestant countries it may be, and often is done, under the cloak of religion. As Henry VIII. divorced his wife and married another from conscientious motives, so precisely does the Mormonite take to himself a plurality of wives; and this Mormonite, be it observed, is generally your Saxon or your German, hardly ever a Celt or a Roman. When the Celtic or Romanic nations wish to become immoral, they do it, not under the cloak of religion, but in open contempt for it.

Hence, even supposing that the Reformation was the occasion of a corresponding reformation of morals within the Church,—that if it had not been for the exclamations of Luther, the reforms of the Council of Trent would never have taken place; yet even thus we cannot admit that Germany imported morals into the Church, any more than the drunken Helot was the cause of the young Spartan's temperance. Protestantism was a fearful example, which frightened Catholics into a reconsideration of their lives; that is all. But even if Protestantism had been a new evangel of domesticity and morality, we do not see how merely on this account it can be called a restoration of the paternal authority. How can the eliminating of Pope and Bishops, and the expending all our reverence on God and the immediate pastor, be called in any sense a restoration of authority? God is He from whom every fatherhood has its name and its legitimacy. God cannot be honoured by denying any fatherhood that really is such. The

denial of the existence of a superior clergy is, in reality, the denial of the paternal authority of the inferior ministers; for who is to set them over the laity? If the laity itself elects them, then the children create the father, instead of the father the children; authority, instead of being established, is rendered a mere farce. It is merely the introduction of what Mr. Maurice tells us is the characteristic Greek principle, that of voluntary relationship, that into which men enter by themselves, and not that in which they find themselves by the law of their birth. This is no foundation for such a household as the pagan Roman delighted to contemplate, or for such a Church as the Roman was ever intended to be.

The improvements in morals which the Reformation, as such, introduced into society are these two: elective paternity, and a tendency to the voluntary system in marriage. Whether either of these can be called a restoration of paternal authority, or of authority at all, we must leave to Mr. Maurice's honesty and candour to tell us.

With all respect to Mr. Maurice, we must call these improvements the relaxations rather than the confirmations of authority; the introduction of private judgment and of uncontrolled personal license, instead of obedience to public law. Of course, we all claim God on our side; the question is, by what means to arrive at Him. The Reformation, according to Mr. Maurice, simply cuts off some steps of the ladder, and strengthens the lower step by adding a wife to the pastor's household. But this ladder he has owned to be a good one; as it was administered by St. Gregory the Great, and even by St. Gregory the Seventh, the bugbear of Protestants, it served its purpose well; it was only by being abused that it became aught but the pillar of the "strictest veracity, fidelity, and honesty." Why, then, shorten the pillar because it had become dirty outside? why cut off the steps of the ladder because they defiled the feet of him who clomb them? Better to climb by an unsightly staircase than remain at the bottom. But this is just what the Germanic mind does not agree to. Better, it says, to remain below, than to climb at all: in the first place, it is dangerous,—you may fall; secondly, those who do climb are no better than we who do not attempt it; thirdly, the ladder is a sham. A priesthood separate from the people, with no domestic ties, without any earthly interest except for its own aggrandisement and pleasure, does not form an instrument for the exaltation of the people, but for their abasement, and its own edification on their ruins. It does not form a ladder for them to climb withal, but simply a pillar, a "king-log," a column, "like a tall bully" to domi-



neer over the people. No, said the reformers; let the clergy become as the people; let them have their wives and their domestic enjoyments, and no longer pretend to sacrifice themselves for the people, to form with their bodies a bridge from earth to Paradise, over which the laity may walk in safety (after paying toll).

To many persons this may be very plausible; but we submit that it is not the restoration of authority in any sense. On the contrary, it is the mutilation, the destruction of authority. An authority is either good or bad; the graduated scale of the sacerdotal system is either the ladder that leads up to God, or it is not. It cannot be both; it cannot without a fresh revelation be one thing at one time and its opposite at another. If it is really such a heavenward ladder, then St. Gregory the Great, and Hildebrand, and William the Conqueror, were right; but then Luther and Mr. Maurice are wrong. If it is not such a ladder, Mr. Maurice and Luther are right, and the others are and always were wrong. There is no middle way; the pretence of the liberalism of the present day that the medieval system was suited for medieval times, but not for modern society, is in this sense,—that is, in the religious sense,—simply absurd; if it was the true Jacob's-ladder which led to heaven in the twelfth century, so it is in the nineteenth.

But our modern liberals do not mean it in this sense; they mean simply that in the middle ages the Church was in the van of civilisation and progress, but that she is now in the rear. Civilisation and progress are the only religion which modern liberals admit. Success is God's favour, happiness His only reward, and the only present test of His satisfaction. Material prosperity is with them the test of every system: in superstitious times, material prosperity is to be effected by guiding the people towards it by means of their superstitions, and for this purpose the Church serves admirably: in times of light, truth is the guide as well as the goal; men must be conducted to material prosperity by having the truths of materialism set before them; and how can this better be done than by a comfortable married clergy, gentlemanly in habits and tastes, scientific in attainments, and presiding throughout the country over the primary instruction of children, the sanitary arrangements of towns and villages, and the intellectual exercise of polemical and moral oratory? The very existence of this class of men is a sermon on progress; they are the sergeants and corporals of our army; they are the fuglemen, by the imitation of whose movements the mass of our society may move a step higher in the scale of human well-being.

In its teaching, the great business of this clergy must be to prevent people being too religious. It is their office to enforce religious motives so far as to repress vices that are noxious to material well-being, but to repress religion when it threatens to take off people's attention from this material state. Hence all such fanatical things as celibacy, vows, monasteries, confraternities, and the like, must be suppressed; people must be taught to put their own shoulder to the wheel, and not to whine after supernatural assistance. They must be taught that they are predestined to be either lost or saved: if the former, it is of no use—if the latter, also, it is superfluous—to give much attention to it; what must be must, and there is an end of the matter: or when this ceases to satisfy men's minds, then we must find a new way of repressing fanaticism: we must have an act of parliament to suppress hell: we must teach that all men are to be happy hereafter, without any peculiar preparation for the next world: we must, as Leigh Hunt, in the true Maurician spirit, exhorts us, "rest assured that the claims of the dead have been all adjusted, and with final evil to no one; for as they were all created souls, they were all children of heaven as well as of earth. Such were they who have gone, such are the like multitudes who are now living, and such will be those who succeed them. We may be quite content and happy, both with the past and future, if we think of this; and at the same time cultivate our health and our natural cheerfulness."

Such is undeniably the tendency of Protestantism. We do not deny that it has in places preserved many of the characteristics of religion; but it is its infallible tendency to confound religion with domesticity and material happiness, to mistake the natural for the supernatural. And this being the case, we are glad to perceive in Mr. Maurice's lectures some tokens of a reaction. We do not think that he would have taken such pains to prove that the old Roman and Popish principle of the paternal authority of God, and, under Him, of the priesthood, was really vindicated and preserved by the Protestant Reformation, unless he had by some means been made aware that the soul of Englishmen was being stirred; that there is now abroad a feeling that we are hemmed in by "a restraining power of bonds and affinities and responsibilities, all derived from the family principle, from the sense of a fatherhood which they must exhibit, and of a higher fatherhood to which they must stoop;" that there is a desire for a fatherly authority immediately over them, and a higher fatherly authority over the whole of Christendom, to call forth and direct their virtues, and to answer the questions of their consciences; that they begin



to know "how detestable they have become, what plagues to every nation, when the sense of this bond deserted them,—nothing but the courage which it had awakened, and the arms which that courage enabled them to abuse, being left to them." At any rate, if we cannot legitimately gather thus much from his argument, we may congratulate him on the tone he takes, on his sincere desire to preserve the organisation of the family, the authority of the father and the mother, and the affection and loyalty due to the wife, from the attacks of a levelling and sensual communistic socialism. The struggle against the communistic principle must lead to the restoration of the parental authority; and to defend this authority successfully, it must be studied in its source, its foundation must be discovered and displayed; and this display will turn out to be nothing else but a triumphant refutation of the principle of Protestantism, and an irrefragable argument for the authority of the Church.

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## Short Notices.

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### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*The Science of the Saints.* By Dr. Pagani. Vol. 3. (Dolman.) This volume brings Dr. Pagani's book through the third quarter of the year. It is what its title implies, a collection of spiritual anecdotes from the lives of saints and devout people, illustrative of the details of the Christian life; with remarks and applications, characterised by the same earnest and affectionate spirit which is found in all its author's writings.

*Theism; the Witness of Reason and Nature to an all-wise and beneficent Creator.* By the Rev. J. Tulloch, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. Burnett Treatise, 2d Prize. (Edinburgh, Blackwood.) We agree in the main principles of this writer, though we greatly desiderate more clearness and accuracy in the exposition of his views. He begins with an attack on Hume and Mill's theory, that causation is only antecedence and sequence, and maintains that cause is force; that the only analogous force which we can know is our own mind; therefore, that we must attribute the activity of nature to some force of which our mind is the image and representative.

After this preface, there follow several chapters to show the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator in inorganic and organic creatures; in the instinct of brutes, and the "cognitive and emotive structure" in man. The last division relates to the difficulties of the origin of evil, and the special questions of Christianity. We must own that we are not in a position to give an opinion about this portion of the work, as we have not read it. From what we have read, we augur that the whole is rather dull.

*Worlds beyond the Earth.* By M. L. Phillips. (London, Bentley.) A contribution to the controversy between Dr. Whewell and Sir D. Brewster on the plurality of worlds. Mr. Phillips takes the side of the Scottish philosopher; and, however distinguished he may be in physics, his metaphysics are about on a par with those of his leader. His peculiar notion seems to be, that as the extinct races of animals gradually prepared the surface of the earth for the habitation of man, so the work of man in his present life is to prepare a new surface as the future home for his resuscitated body; where perhaps it will be his business to make his toothpicks out of his own fossil bones. How else he can be preparing the ground for his future life, we confess ourselves not quite able to discover.

*Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation.* By the Rev. Baden Powell, Professor of Geometry, Oxford. (London, Longman and Co.) We can remember when the University of Oxford deprived a man of his degree, because a book that he wrote was contrary to the Articles of the Church of England. What will this Alma Mater do to her Professor, who writes a book inconsistent not with the thirty-nine Articles, but with Christianity altogether? Probably nothing at all.

Of the three essays in this book, the first is intended to show that whatever can be reduced to number, measure, and weight, belongs solely to the natural order, and is governed by natural laws. The spiritual order is higher, but belongs solely to the feelings, not to reason; the only laws or principles that reason can investigate or argument touch are natural. Matter and spirit are alien the one from the other; a miracle, if it could happen, would be the direct and arbitrary action of spirit on matter; but all changes of matter are subjects of the inductive philosophy, and may be reduced to laws; therefore such a thing as a miracle is impossible.

The rev. but infidel gentleman runs into the absurd error of the positivists, that as soon as a thing has happened often enough to be expressed numerically, and to have its averages and its statistics, this numerical ratio is the law or power which produces the thing. With Hallam, they think that a complete definition is given of an object when the proportions of its component atoms are given in a formula; as if we were any nearer to knowing what the atoms are, by knowing how many there are of them. In the same way Comte seems to us to revive the old Pythagorean absurdity of taking the symbol for the reality; of thinking that the algebraic formula is a definition of substance, instead of a mere determination of extension, and a symbol of duration or velocity, in which no idea of substance is found. Emerson falls into the same ridiculous blunder when he writes—"Metaphysics shows us a sort of gravitation operative in mental phenomena" (by gravitation he only means a law capable of being expressed numerically); "and the terrible tabulation of the French statisticians brings every piece of whim and humour to be reducible also to exact numerical ratios. If one man in 20,000 or in 30,000 eats shoes, or marries his grandmother, then in every 20,000 or 30,000 is found one man who eats shoes, or marries his grandmother." That is, the ratio of 1 to 20,000 is the necessary cause of a moral agent acting in this way.

The action of matter or material forces on matter is not causation, only sequence. The idea of cause is falsely introduced into nature from our moral consciousness. The author does not deny a presiding mind; but argues against the prejudice which supposes that the presidency of the mind is proved by irregular and anomalous interpositions in the



material world. On the contrary, a miracle would greatly trouble Mr. Baden Powell, as it would destroy the idea of the divine nature which he has made for himself. His God is a pure reason, whose thoughts are the laws of the material universe, which cannot be otherwise than they are; supreme reason, necessity, and fact, are here identical: he does not at all see that the controversy against infidels at the present day is not about the admission of a presiding *reason*, but the belief of a presiding *will*.

At the same time, the author carefully distinguishes his presiding reason from the universe, and thus manages to steer clear of Pantheism. We wish to make it distinctly understood, that though we absolutely repudiate all that this author says and implies about the impossibility of an arbitrary interference of the Divine Will in nature except in accordance with natural laws, we fully agree with him in the unlimited development he would give to natural laws: beyond the realms of nature, which are subject to scientific investigation, and are governed by known laws, are other realms, not governed by caprice and want of reason, but by laws as regular as any, though to us unknown, and perhaps beyond the limits of our knowledge. But with all these laws we hold that God can interfere, and does interfere, whenever it suits His purpose, whenever He *wills* it.

In the second essay the author holds the balance between Dr. Whewell and Sir David Brewster in the controversy of the plurality of worlds. The conclusion itself is one which he does not seem to care much about, whichever way it is settled; his object is to protest against the introduction of theological and moral arguments in a controversy of physical science. In the course of his reasoning the following passage occurs:

"All inquirers, possessing at once a sound knowledge of geology, and capable of perceiving the undeniable sense of a plain circumstantial narrative, now acknowledge that the whole tenor of geology is in entire contradiction to the cosmogony delivered from Sinai (or expanded in Genesis); a contradiction which no philological refinements can remove or diminish, a case which no *detailed* interpretations can meet, and which can only be dealt with as a whole.

"The only view which the case admits is, that the narrative as a whole, as it cannot be regarded as *historical*, may be regarded as a *poetical* representation; adapted, as it was addressed, to the Israelites as the basis of the institution of the sabbath. But be this as it may, real Christianity, I contend, can be in no way affected by this or any contradiction to the Old-Testament law, with which it has been erroneously mixed up; on the contrary, the palpable discrepancy is valuable, as reminding us the more forcibly of its independence."

The meaning of this gnosticism is, that the lying spirit which dictated the Old Testament trumped up a myth about the creation, in order to make his dupes believe it was their duty to observe the sabbath (an institution, at the continued observance of which he sneers abundantly in several places). Mr. Powell is glad that science brings this falsehood palpably into view, in order that it may lead to the recognition of the universal independence and contrariety of the New Law to the Old. The Professor appears to us to be a cross between an Ophite and a Saturninian.

In the last essay the author supports the theory of the *Vestiges of Creation*; thinks the idea that God creates new species of animals by a peculiar interposition inexpressibly absurd; thinks it probable that man has developed in a natural way from inferior species, and that probably before the present species of men there was a lower kind, whose remains

will sometime or other be found in geological strata. Hence it would follow, our race has gradually progressed from the social condition of monkeys; and the account of primitive innocence, the fall, and our descent from a single pair, and consequently our redemption by an Incarnate God, brother of every human being, are so many myths, pretty enough for the feelings and sentiments, but absolutely to be rejected by the manly reason.

Will the University of Oxford, or the authorities of the Church of England, animadvert upon this book, or will they not? To us it is a melancholy but instructive evidence of the necessary tendencies of the Protestant principle.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*The Sanctuary.* By the Rev. R. Montgomery. (London, Chapman and Hall.) Since our review of this notable volume of poetry was in type, we have met with a critique upon it in a respectable journal, which we cannot resist transferring to our own pages, not only as an illustration of the means by which such productions as Mr. Montgomery's are puffed into sale, but as a proof that our "poet" is very far from being without rivals in his own inimitable style. We should almost incline, indeed, to think that Mr. Montgomery is his own reviewer. Certainly one is tempted to exclaim, "none but himself can be his parallel."

"This is not the first time we have had occasion to notice the effusions of Robert Montgomery, the sacred lyricist; but, if it were, any laudatory remarks from our feeble pen would be but a poor tribute to his gigantic excellence.

"In *The Sanctuary* there are social and domestic realities, blended most exquisitely with the glories of heaven and the felicities of religion. Mr. Montgomery has ingeniously embroidered the invisible Paradise with all that is grand and beautiful, simple and unadorned here below, and has enshrined the latter in a halo of celestial majesty and divine perfection, so that, while heaven is not heightened absolutely, it is relatively, and earth is made to appear as a bright planet in the firmament above. *The Sanctuary* shows that the Prayer-Book, viewed as a united whole, is replete with heavenly wisdom; and that when its apparent ceremonies are reduced to a matter of vital practice, there is no other book, next to the Bible itself, that deserves so much the veneration and study of Christendom. It has a lesson and a moral, too, for every class and every interest. The history of the Church of Christ—of its patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, saints and disciples, the kingdom of grace, and the whole polity of Church government, under the sacred auspices of the ministers of the gospel and the ambassadors of heaven, are more or less beautifully touched upon, illustrated, and exemplified. There is not a single poem without some point or beauty, and many of them are ushered in by some appropriate text, as if the author felt such an awe as to place himself under the special direction of Jehovah's countenance, or beneath the overshadowing and sheltering wing of inspiration, as, indeed, he well might, when portraying some of the profoundest truths and most awful mysteries which encircle 'the author and finisher of our faith.' He has set forth all the great epochs of the Apostolic Church, with suitable meditations; and amid the many features which have marked the times and seasons,



and stamped on the brow of the Christian era an impression so indelible that only the mighty hand of eternity itself shall efface it, there is yet such a variety of treatment, and a modification of style, character, and tone in his verse, as shows, not only the author's versatility of talent and cultivated taste, but his maturity of judgment.

"We think that Mr. Montgomery has done the Church and the community at large a real and important service in having invested so valuable a Christian treasure in the novelty of poetic dress, relieved by all that is modern and popular in literature and science, and graced with an ease of expression and a lively flow of eloquence that cannot fail to carry the reader smoothly along in his passage from page to page, and leave him in the end most spiritualised and refreshed. A holy sanctity breathes through every page, and all the circumstances of daily life are most aptly and cleverly interwoven. Many of the poems are admirably adapted to be set to music, especially vocal."

This last sentence is equal to the old saying, "John and Thomas very like, especially John."

*The Monarchs of the Main; or Adventures of the Buccaneers.* By G. W. Thornbury. 3 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) It is strange that the almost Homeric adventures of these warriors, half-devil, half-demigod, should have so long lain idle in works a century and a half old, a mine unworked by professed novelists and book-makers, and that a new man should be able to boast that he brings new scenes before the novel-reader, jaded with worn-out types of conventional existence, and that he supplies the historian with a page of English, French, and Spanish history hitherto overlooked. The present volumes appear to be intended more as a romantic tale than as a history; for they sadly lack the precision which professed historians usually think it worth while to aim at.

At the present time the readers of these volumes will scarcely fail to compare the exploits of the buccaneers, under captains chosen by themselves, with the failures, the tardy movements, and useless victories of men of the same nations, and altogether as brave, but under the control of officers chosen, not for their ability to lead them to their destination, but for their politics, their rank, or their interest.

*Art-hints; Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting.* By J. J. Jarves. (London, Sampson Low.) A work on art by an American author, who commences his researches by discoursing on the nature of man, and ends them with a tabular view of the longevity of painters and the prices of pictures. There is a great deal that is good in the book, but more that is worthless, and much that is extremely offensive to Catholics, who, one would think, in a book treating on art, might expect a little civility. Whatever else the Church has been, no one has the impudence to deny that she has been the great patron of art, and that her dogmas and ceremonies have kindled the enthusiasm of the greatest painters and architects, and inspired their greatest works; while her liberality has paid for them, and her generosity has displayed them as models to all the world, instead of shutting them up in galleries and state-rooms. But, says Mr. Jarves, all this was a piece of knavery, "cunningly contrived to extort money and kisses from fools;" it was "dirty canvas, intended to impose on deluded devotees, and to make them believe that it possesses divine power;" it was "used by the Roman clergy to introduce an idolatry as gross as that of discarded heathenism, in barter for lucre and power." With his opinions of the Roman clergy (whom he does not know) it is satisfactory to compare

his judgment of Protestant ministers (whom we suppose he does know). The Protestant as well as the Roman clergy "have become blind leaders of the blind. The former limit their vision to irreconcilable dogmas and creeds, and the latter to ceremonies from which the essence has long since fled. Both are more anxious to preserve their own than God's kingdom. Both trammel thought, though in different ways. Both not only fail in satisfying the entire man, but shock his reason and cramp his soul." Mr. Jarves, as a Protestant, is a competent witness against his own clergy; before he is entitled to give his testimony against ours, he must prove his competency and his knowledge. With this distinction, we accept his testimony.

*The Private Life of an Eastern King.* By a Member of the Household of the late King of Oude. (London, Hope.) The author of this book has a new and strange tale to tell, and, in spite of his protestations of lack of literary skill, he tells it well. It is a strictly personal narrative, written without political object, and only incidentally alluding to the state of Oude and its government. But the narrative is useful, as giving some insight into the characters, not only of the English adventurers who frequent the Eastern courts, but also of the Company's officers, and also as supplying a new chapter on oriental life.

The author has kept his eyes open, and has as great a facility in translating what he sees into words as most professed literary men. Witness the following description of the stealthy circling of a tiger round a courtyard, in preparation for springing on his prey: "He made no noise whatever. The large paws were placed one after the other on the ground, the soft ball of the foot preventing any sound. Slowly were they raised and depressed; whilst the long back as slowly made its way forwards,—now raised at the shoulders, now at the hind-quarters, as the legs were moved,—the skin glancing backwards and forwards as if hardly belonging to the bones and muscles beneath it."

*Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III., from original Family Documents.* By the Duke of Buckingham. Vols. 3 and 4. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) These volumes form a continuation of the noble author's valuable contribution to the history of the reign of George III., consisting of original letters and documents, connected by a thread of narrative. The present volumes range from 1800 to 1810, and furnish most interesting details on the management of the great war.

*The Old Court Suburb; or Memorials of Kensington, Regal, Critical, and Anecdotal.* By Leigh Hunt. 2 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) A veteran writer like Leigh Hunt of course says some things worth reading; but still these volumes, with their large print and wide margins, contain a good deal of twaddle, and are not a particularly favourable specimen of book-making. The author makes his heathenism, his ignorance of, and contempt for, all religion, and especially his spite against Catholicity, too prominent, we should hope, to serve his turn. Thus he generally puts "Nature" instead of "God;" and he quotes as a text, "Nature is vindicated of her children." He tells us that Wilberforce (the father) was a bigot, who contrived "to combine the most terrific ideas of the next world (for others) with the most comfortable enjoyment of this world in his own person;" he was "deep in Tractarianism (!!), and at the same time advocating the freedom of the poor negroes; which was by no means the case with all persons of his way of thinking." "He was of opinion that you must be continually thinking of God, otherwise God would be very angry;" an opinion at



which Mr. Leigh Hunt sneers, as he does also at Wilberforce's repeating the 118th (with Protestants the 119th) Psalm, which is "the longest of the psalms, extending to 176 verses, full of pious self-congratulation, and of rebukes of its deriders." Talking of a French mistress of Charles II., the author says "she had probably learned, in the convent where she was brought up, that lawless things might become lawful to serve religious ends." Again, with reference to the miserable Irish crowded together in the "Rookery" at Kensington, and probably fattening Protestant landlords with rack-rent mercilessly exacted, he gives us the following reflections: "Their priests tell us of a fine (!) house at Loretto in Italy, which the Virgin Mary lived in at Nazareth, and which angels brought from that place into the dominions of the Pope. They also tell us that miracles never cease—at least not in Roman Catholic lands; and that nobody feels for the poor as they do. What a pity that they could not join these feelings, these hands, and these miracles, and pray a set of new houses into England for the poor bricklayer!"

We have quoted enough to show the reader that these volumes contain twaddle which is both spiteful and ignorant. Mr. Leigh Hunt sets himself up as the apostle of a religion of pure benevolence, which he exemplifies by telling the most scandalous lies of a set of men who never injured him, however much they may withstand his principles. The readers of the "Life of Haydon" will remember a curious passage, in which the painter, who was a sort of friend of Hunt's, says, that though he was always endeavouring to show his contempt for, and disbelief in, the doctrine of eternal punishments, it was plain that it racked his very soul. This new book is a fresh proof of the correctness of Haydon's remark. He cannot even write a collection of gossip about Kensington without betraying the secret anguish of his heart.

*Russia on the Black Sea and Sea of Azov: being a Narrative of Travels in the Crimea and bordering Provinces; with Notices of the Naval, Military, and Commercial Resources of those Countries.* By H. D. Seymour, M.P. Maps, &c. (Murray.) Mr. Seymour visited the Crimea and South Russia in 1844 and 1846; but the chief part of his work consists not of original observations, but of an excellently arranged and critical compilation from the best writers on the subjects which he treats about. The result is by far the best book that has been published about the Crimea, and one which we may characterise as an indispensable handbook for that part of the world. The statistical chapters are all carefully made out from the best Russian authorities.

*The Crimea, its Ancient and Modern History: the Khans, the Sultans, and the Czars, with notices of its Scenery and Population.* By the Rev. Thos. Milner. (London, Longmans.) The Rev. Thos. Milner's book is not worthy of being named by the side of Mr. Danby Seymour's work on the same subject. The author has been at considerable pains in collecting materials for his compilation; but he is one of that numerous class of scribes that does not know how much he ought to tell. He tries to make his work amusing by means of anecdotes, and at the same time labours to be brief by means of docking the said anecdotes both of head and tail; one always misses the point, or some circumstance necessary to be known. The author evidently does not know the amount either of knowledge or ignorance with which he should credit his readers: the result is a book both shallow and pretentious, parsonically didactic, without much to say.

*Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore.* By Charles Kingsley. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) Mr. Kingsley is one of those who find in

nature all that they want ; who do not care for any thing supernatural, but would be content to sit for ever and ever on the shore in the north of Devon fishing for shrimps, and examining seaweed with a magnifying glass. It is amusing, but sad, to see how this class of persons apply the language of religion to their pursuits ; for they recognise no higher religion than the satisfaction of the natural curiosity, and find in the satisfaction of this curiosity every characteristic of a religious act. Here is a specimen of the virtues which Mr. Kingsley discovers in the really good naturalist : “ He must be of a reverent turn of mind, not rashly discrediting any reports, however vague and fragmentary ; giving man always credit for some germ of truth, and giving nature credit for an inexhaustible fertility and variety, which will keep him his life-long always reverent, yet never superstitious ; wondering at the commonest, but not surprised by the most strange ; free from the idols of size and sensuous loveliness ; able to see grandeur in the minutest objects, beauty in the most ungainly ; estimating each thing not carnally, as the vulgar do, by its size or its pleasantness to the senses, but spiritually, by the amount of Divine thought revealed to him therein. . . . . Moreover, he must keep himself free from all those perturbations of mind which not only weaken energy, but darken and confuse the inductive faculty ; from haste and laziness, from melancholy, testiness, pride, and all the passions which make men see only what they wish to see.”

The only action which Mr. Kingsley seems to allow to these passions is against the Catholic religion, which, as being the exaltation of the supernatural over the natural, and consequently involving at least some indifference and inattention to nature, not to speak of occasional ascetic repudiation of natural enjoyments, deserves to suffer all the hostility of the natural faculties of man. If persons brought to the evidences of Catholicity the temper of mind which Mr. Kingsley recommends to the naturalist, how many honest Protestants would there be left in a year's time ? But this is not to be allowed ; people are to expend all their fairness, all their higher qualities, on tracing the ganglions of the nervous system of a woodlouse, in order that they may have none to bestow on the really important questions of life. Such is the natural religion which is now-a-days preferred to Christianity.

*Imperial Paris, including New Scenes for Old Visitors.* By W. Blanchard Jerrold. (Bradbury and Evans.) We are happy to be able to recommend this book, both as exceedingly clever and lively in itself, and full of just observations very amusingly put, and also as free from the sneers at French religion which we must own we were prepared to find in a work signed with the name of Jerrold. The author has done in a small way for Paris much the same that the Mayhews have done for London in their *London Labour and London Poor*. The last chapter on “ the English painted by the French ” is exceedingly diverting. An extract from it is worth quoting, as putting very cleverly one of the characteristics of Englishmen, not only as seen by a foreigner, but as it is in itself : “ There are really only three things which are cheap in London, viz. flannel, crockery, and lobsters. Flannel includes all woollen goods ; we may add cotton also to the list. To the lobsters, I think I may, by association of colour, add oranges. Oranges in this foggy country ? Yes ; the sea, which produces crabs, bears vessels laden with this fruit ! In England, when people are not drinking beer, they drench themselves with tea, and swim in the Chinese pleasure it produces, to facilitate the digestion of so much beef. Tea, therefore, is no longer a medicament for these *blasés* stomachs. The remedy for all this is—brandy !



You have a headache?—brandy, not upon the temples, but down the throat; a stomach-ache?—brandy, not upon the stomach, but in it; a heart-burn?—brandy; toothache?—an excellent opportunity to drink brandy; rheumatism?—brandy; cut, scratch, and contusions, etc.?—brandy; every where and for every thing—brandy: applied always internally, with resignation—people must be cured. . . . I have already asserted that all English ideas are material—positive. All things are massive, heavy, exaggerated. It is a nation, I repeat, of coal and iron, which produce steam strong enough to overthrow the world. The exaggeration which I have already noticed is distinguishable in the charlatanism which pervades the shop-signs and the advertisements, and in the means adopted to obtain publicity. . . . But it is precisely this positiveness which constitutes English strength and influence. These faults, from our point of view,—we, who are people of subtle sensations, who do not require to be struck hard to vibrate,—rule with the English. Coal and iron—positivism—make this the governing nation of the globe. I repeat it, we have the form—they have the substance. We are ingenious in trifles, delicate, refined, full of taste, light, taken with words, excited with froth, turning to all the phases of pleasure, of caprice, and of inconsequences, for which we pay dear. We make revolutions for a change, without knowing whether we shall gain any advantage,—and we often lose. We mock at our laws—we mock at every thing. The Englishman, who laughs but little, respects that strength which he puts in every thing. English faults and contradictions, so amusing when contemplated in individuals, in the current of daily life, form, when applied to a collection of men united as a nation, that which gives greatness to a state, and its preponderance in the world. Our *esprit*, our fertility, are charming gifts, by which we lose—with grace! The positivism of this beef-eating people, who do not understand a prolonged sound, fill themselves with beer, make every thing of iron, doctor themselves with as much brandy as it is possible to consume.—this positivism has given them one hundred and twenty millions of subjects upon the globe.”

*Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover.* By Dr. Doran. 2 vols. (London, Bentley.) Dr. Doran, in his *Table Traits* and *Habits and Men*, has shown himself to be an admirable stringer together of anecdotes. This power has not deserted him in the present volumes, which will be found full of pointed reflections, and characterised by a richness of allusion almost peculiar to Dr. Doran among contemporary gossips. The author, though he does not seem to have any peculiar religious convictions of his own, yet thinks it worth his while to speak like a bitter Protestant bigot whenever he approaches the subject of Popery. Still his volumes, though lengthy from the abundance of illustration, are very amusing and meritorious for their galvanising the dry mummies of history into moving and even living figures. We may possibly return to them for illustrations of the morals of the ruling powers of this country a century ago.

*Pictorial Bible-Stories for the Young, from the Creation to the Death of Jacob.* (Birmingham, Overs.) Mr. Formby, the zealous editor of this profusely-illustrated little book of Bible Stories, pleads his cause with so much earnestness in another part of this month's *Rambler*, that we shall content ourselves with referring our readers to his letter itself.

*Essays Ecclesiastical and Social.* Reprinted, with additions, from the *Edinburgh Review.* By W. J. Conybeare, M.A. (London, Longmans.)

These able and important Essays comprise an account of the "Peasant Clergy" of the Establishment in the mountains of Wales and Cumberland; the celebrated article on Church-parties, which divides Anglicans into Low Church, High Church, and Broad Church, and subdivides each class into its normal type, its exaggeration, and its stagnant type. Then follow two Essays on Ecclesiastical Economy, the Temporalities of the Church, and its Lay Officers; and lastly, two Essays on Mormonism and on the Temperance agitation.

The author would class himself as belonging to the normal type of the Broad Church: he respects all convictions, because he thinks that convictions, as such, are of secondary importance; he can honour any thing that has a moral effect, provided it does not pretend to a supernatural influence. This is his radical objection to every religion that does not ultimately resolve itself into a mere moral police; this alone leads him to abuse and show-up Recordite, Puseyite, and Mormon, with unsparing hand, because each proclaims that something higher than our daily life ought to be mixed up inseparably with it. We can quite sympathise with the amusement which he feels at the absurdities of all these sects; but, after all, he had better not forget that religion is either supernatural and miraculous, or it is false. The phase of mind which he represents, and which holds religion to be on the one hand true, and on the other the mere production of plain unsophisticated common sense, is only a transient one. Men will soon pass out of it, and either regard religion as true, and thus make themselves what he calls fanatics, or will degenerate into the stagnant type of his Broad Church, and become infidels.

In the midst of the plain practical common sense with which the author generally deals, we were surprised to find the following vindication of the practice of making the Dissenter pay church-rates: "The Dissenters benefit by the maintenance of a fabric dedicated to public worship in every village; and that not merely by the cultivation of their taste for architecture, and by the improved beauty of the landscape, adorned as it is by those towers and spires which so often break the monotony of an English horizon, but in a more utilitarian sense by the humanisation of the labourers whom they employ, for whom seats are provided free of cost, that they may hear the Gospel within those walls,—walls hallowed by association with the most solemn epochs of their lives, and surrounded by the graves of their forefathers." In presenting us with this twaddle, the author forgets that though he ceases urging us to subscribe for the maintenance of his sect on the ground that it is true, we do not cease protesting against such subscription on the ground that his sect is false. When such motives are in question, to what purpose does he talk to honest men about the beauty of the prospect, and the civilisation of the labourer?

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## Correspondence.

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*The Series of Pictorial Bible and Church-History Stories, in course of publication for the Instruction of the Children and Families of the Poor. Principal Depôt of the Poor-School Edition, Mr. George Overs, 86 Great Russell Street, Birmingham. Editions for Public*



*Sale to be obtained through any Bookseller. London: Burns and Lambert, 17 Portman Street.*

LETTER OF THE EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF THE SERIES,

Addressed to all who are willing to *do some work* for the Instruction of poor Catholics.

SIR,—I beg to offer you my best thanks for your kindness and charity in allowing me the opportunity of giving a few explanations respecting the nature of the publication above mentioned, and the method of management which I think it will be well to adopt in order to prosecute the *attempt* to carry it forward; which I trust may be instrumental in obtaining for it all the good-will and effectual co-operation of which it will stand in need, and in removing the difficulties of which it may have fair ground to be apprehensive.

To be as brief and as clear as possible; I beg to be understood as here addressing myself to those only who are predisposed to *do some work*. There are a great number of most excellent pious persons who have not even the fraction of an idea how to set about *doing any work*. To all this numerous class I fear I can be of as little direct use as they can be to me. If they would occasionally have the charity to pray for the prosperous issue of a laborious work, and be on their guard not to dissuade other people from putting into execution any good purpose that may come into their minds to do some work,—this is, perhaps, the extent of the service which they will be able to render.

I suppose, then, what I am about to say to claim the notice of those particular persons who know what *work* is, who have done *work*, and who are disposed to do *more work still*; and I proceed to put the following case before them, in the hope of being able to enlist some of them in the service. In every neighbourhood there are a fair number, more or less, of Catholic families, where there are plenty of young people growing up: nearly all these families, in the course of the week, habitually spend their penny, twopence, threepence, or more, in the purchase either of a penny sheet of a murder or of a vulgar ballad, or of some fabulous engagement at Sebastopol, or of the *London Journal*, &c., which are brought to their doors by itinerant petty traders in these vulgar commodities. The money that they spend weekly in this trash, they would very willingly spend in the purchase of some equally attractive religious book, if they had the chance of so doing. But the religious book never comes near them, and the trash is brought every week to their doors: of the existence of the one they know absolutely nothing, and the other comes to them at their very doors through the circulation of an existing petty trade. Under these circumstances, then, they buy the trash; and never either hear, see, or know of the existence of any thing that would be much better for them and much more the worth of their money. To poison there is a proper antidote; and when people happen to swallow poison from its coming in their way, then a speedy application of the antidote is the proper thing. If, therefore, our poor Catholic families habitually buy and swallow poison, in the form of the vulgar immoral trash that pedlars and hawkers carry to their doors, the proper remedy is that the antidote be applied in the form of the circulation of some counter-attractive religious publications, for which the money now spent weekly upon the trash should be collected in weekly payments, and that the antidote should in this way be made to supplant and take the place of the poison; the family gaining at the end of a certain time a beautiful, instructive, and permanently useful book, instead of a heap of loose sheets, the only redeeming feature of which is

their fortunate liability to be torn up, which is the only good thing that happens to them.

This desirable result is far from out of reach; but it supposes a *willingness to do some work*, a sense of the necessity of *doing the work*, and a certain amount of *method* in doing it. I hereby invite all persons of this class, who may have seen and who approve of my publication of the Pictorial Bible-Stories, to apply to me by letter for an enclosure of collecting cards, which will be immediately forwarded to them by post; and the books will be forwarded, free of carriage, on receipt of a post-office order for 15s., payable to the Rev. Henry Formby, Bath Street, Birmingham, less threepence the cost of the order. The collector will be entitled to a copy of the work gratis.

I respectfully request the attention of all persons who have in their minds the idea that there is *work to be done* for religion, as well as time to be spent in meditations and prayers, to my balance-sheet published in the *Rambler* Advertiser of June. This will show that interesting pictorial publications do not in the Christian nineteenth century fall down from heaven, in the same way that the manna did in the Arabian desert in the fifteenth century B.C.; but that they are the result of a variety of combined labour under the direction of the Editor, who must first travel and find the proper designers, the proper engravers, and the most competent printers; and who, after he has combined the talent and skill of persons living in different nations and speaking different languages, and has set them to work, *must then find the money to pay them*; who must then buy paper and find money for it, who must then find money for a long printer's bill, and next for another long bill for binding, packing, and forwarding books, and then for another bill for the work of a clerk for keeping accounts, &c.; the result of these combined operations, at last, being the pictorial book answering to the above card. If religion were nothing else except prayer and meditation and spiritual reading, there could plainly be no such thing as the present pictorial book. But now comes *a further business which religion goes on to require*. If it required that the present book should be brought through all its stages, because it promised to be an *antidote* to the noxious trash that demoralises the families of the poor, then the same religion that *required the business of producing the antidote to be gone through, also requires that the business of circulating the antidote should be gone through in a similar manner*. Trade, it must be borne in mind, not only produces the poison, but it *circulates it from door to door*. And if religion only produces the antidote, and dislikes the trouble of circulating it, it leaves its work half-done. It is true that the antidote may be there; but for the want of being circulated in the way in which trade circulates its poison, the antidote is of comparatively little use. Religion, then, says, "you must not only *produce*, but you must also *circulate the antidote*."

To come to the practical gist of the matter. I contemplate being assisted in circulating the Pictorial Stories by all those persons who know what *working* for religion is, and who have sufficient sympathy with the present undertaking to induce them to apply to me for cards, which I shall be happy to supply, as well as a paper of instructions how to set about the work. From twenty-five to thirty cards are at the present time in successful operation among the Catholic poor of Birmingham; and by means of the various zealous persons engaged upon the work, upwards of two hundred families will in due time obtain a useful book, who otherwise would have never so much as heard of its existence. (Address Rev. H. Formby, Bath Street, Birmingham.) The same may



be done in a proportionate scale in every congregation by means of the proper collectors.

To another class of persons, those who give money to religious objects, I respectfully beg leave to address a word. If you are satisfied with the nature of the present enterprise, and think that it is likely to be of use, trust me with the loan of any sum of money you can spare—trust me in a small way for a religious object, as vast numbers of French people have trusted Louis Napoleon for a national object in a large way. No sensible person would wish to see me running an undertaking, for which I hope to have the protection of the Immaculate Mother of God, into the disgrace of bankruptcy and insolvency. But as the undertaking is strictly and literally a matter of business for a religious object, and if the rule be inflexible, as I pledge myself that it shall be, that no liabilities shall be incurred on any uncertainty, then without sufficient capital there can be no proper progress. The Catholic Poor-School Committee has trusted me with the sum of three hundred pounds, to be advanced in three annual payments. Will no one besides follow this example upon whatever scale they please. (Address Rev. Henry Formby, Bath, Street, Birmingham.) I have sent copies of my work to two rich individuals, soliciting a small advance of capital; and they appear to have accepted my book, but without advancing me any capital. As I am actually out of pocket nearly half-a-crown by each such application, I hope the example of the Poor-School Committee will be generally followed in preference to theirs. A thousand pounds capital in the bank at this moment would enable every thing to go on without a stoppage.

Lastly, to the bookselling interest I desire to offer a word of explanation, to set myself right with them. They are persons whose business it is to make a profitable merchandise of religion, with a perfect right and with great social utility. This particular undertaking cannot be made a profitable undertaking in the ordinary way, treating it as merchandise, consequently they can have no desire to take it into their own hands. For these gentlemen, then, to complain that I am not managing it through them, would be equivalent on their part to a complaint that I do not, with my eyes open, adopt the plan of employing their agency to arrive at total insolvency. If the bookselling interest would rather see a thing totally suppressed than carried on by the only means by which it can be contemplated as possible, then the conclusion is that the bookselling interest loves its commerce more than it does its faith, and desires to hold a sovereignty in the matter of books over religion, which religion is scarcely likely to be willing to concede. By placing an edition in the hands of the book-trade, to be ordered through them from Messrs. Burns and Lambert, by all families in easy circumstances, and by distinguishing my Poor-School Edition as *especially such*, I have done all that the case permits in the way of consulting the interests of their commerce; and, in my opinion, were booksellers to manifest an ambitious desire for a sovereignty over the interests of religion in the department of books, this would be an extremely likely way of bringing down the curse of God upon themselves and their trade. My desire is that their trade should rather enjoy the blessing of God, by their being satisfied with those works that bring them a profit, leaving other useful but commercially unprofitable works to the undisturbed management of those who have the courage to undertake them.

I have the honour to remain

Your very obedient servant,

HENRY FORMBY.